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W. L. WEAVER

SONGS

OF

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

VOL. I.



The Lovers.

LONDON:

JAMES COCHRANE & CO., WATERLOO PLACE.

THE
SONGS
OF
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

The heavenlie melodie—
Of songes full of harmonie.

CHAUCER.

LONDON:
JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.
11, WATERLOO PLACE.

1835.

PR1187 S65 v.1

WILLIAM NICOL, 51, PALL-MALL, LONDON.

TO

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

THESE LITTLE VOLUMES

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INTRODUCTION.

Of songes and of detees glade.—GOWER.

Old songs the happy music of the heart—WORDSWORTH.

POETRY, Music, and Painting, are universally acknowledged to be the early offspring of all nations, even in their rudest state, “ wherever language is found,” says Mr. Southey, “ verse of some kind or other is found also;”* and the great Dryden has said, that “ mankind even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them.”† Music, I may add, had its origin at the same time, but painting was of somewhat later growth, when knowledge was greater and refinement more extensive :

“ Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth,
For songs were sung in Eden’s happy earth”—

so the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*, wrote to Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is remarked by Ritson, that “ all writers agree in speaking of song as the most ancient species of poetry, its origin,” he adds, “ is even thought to be coeval with mankind.”‡

* Preface to his Continuation of Ellis’s Specimens.

† Preface to the Translation of Juvenal.

‡ Historical Essay on National Song, 1783.

When the earth was 'young and green,' we are informed by our Bibles, every man was a shepherd and attended his own flocks as they browsed on unmown plains and sunny declivities, where, though sin was known, yet harmony more widely prevailed, and love influenced alike shepherd and shepherdess. Our first parents we may suppose, sung not verses in celebration of each other, but tuned their voices "in the wild notes of natural poetry" * to the praise of their Creator, who had placed them in the midst of such blessings; and so Milton has poetically, and perhaps, correctly described them. To some disconsolate swain who was desirous of making widely known either the charms or the cruelty of his mistress, we must impute the birth of our love-songs; those were the strains that "delayed the huddling brook, and lapped the prisoned soul in soft elysium;" the maid was then likened to a sportive lamb, her teeth to the white fleeces of a newly washen flock of sheep, and her lips to the dropping honey; those sweet strains sung to the music of a shepherd's reed, described by Allan Ramsay, as—

"A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound,"

after the dance with timbrels in the cool of evening, presented to the mind all that earth could offer of paradise.

* Dryden. Preface to Juvenal.

There can be little doubt but that the poetry of all nations originated in the love cherished by the one sex towards the other ; feelings broke out into verse, and spoke the language of the heart—probably bursting forth at last into such rapturous exclamations, as—

“ By heaven and earth I love thee.”

Idle ingenuity has sometimes changed the compliment into a conceit, and the song into a strain of artificial politeness. Our isle has produced poets who sat down resolutely to sing of *Chloe* or *Amynta*, not remembering a brother has said, that—

“ Joys unfelt are never sung.”

To come nearer our own day, and to illustrate our opinion, we are told by Burns himself, that he never had the least inclination of turning poet till he got heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were the spontaneous language of his heart : a heart that glowed, with what he describes as “ honest warm simplicity.”* At all times nature exhibits a sufficient number of images to the eye and fancy of a poet—the cool of spring, the heat of summer, the yellow leaf of autumn, and the frosts of winter. Every field produces beauties of its own to awaken fresh sentiment, from the gay flowers of May to the bright stars and spotless snows of December. The

* See his Works by Cunningham, vol. vi. p. 29.

shepherd hearing of, and seeing only a pastoral life, drew his images from the fields around him, the person of his love was neither adorned nor concealed by the adulteries of art, and he sung of her as he found her:

“All was sweet, and all was sound.”

To win the favour of one so fair, was the utmost of his ambition ; he told in wood-notes wild, in untutored verse, the sweetness of her mind and the graces of her person ; he was the shepherd that Spenser and Pope sung of :

“ A shepherd boy, he seeks no better name.”

It is to the pastoral life of England and Scotland, to the rosy faces of our Dowsabells, Rosalinds, Peggys and Jeanies, we must look for the origin of our song ; from the field and the sheep-hook to the court and the town, is a single step, but it is a long one. Our search into song, Mr. Cunningham has already happily illustrated, by the image of the boy chasing the rainbow from hill to hill, the nearer he imagined he was, the farther he was away from it.*

“ he runs
To catch the falling glory ; but amazed
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away.”

THOMSON.

We may safely suppose the manners and customs

* Introduction to the Songs of Scotland, 4 vol. 1826.

of the ancient British, differed little from the early manners of other nations. The South Americans were found by the Spaniards to be passionately fond of music, they were constantly in the custom of assembling together to dance, an amusement in which the softer sex were never allowed to participate. Their songs were chiefly of a martial kind, for women were considered as mere slaves, and treated with something like contempt. In an old writer quoted by Ritson, we find that the natives of Hispaniola, had “ certayne rymes or balletes they call Areitos. And as our Mynstrelles are accustomed to syng to the harp or lute, so do they in lyke maner syng these songes, and daunce to the same, playing on timbrels made of shells of certayne fishes. They have also songes and ballettes of loue, and other of lamentations and mournyng, some also to encourage them to the warres, with euery of them theyr tunes agreeable to the matter.”* The inhabitants of America were not ignorant, we are told by Dr. Robertson,† of strong liquors, in which they rioted to excess, till scenes of bloodshed closed these unnatural festivals ; whether ‘ when the wine cup shined in light,’ those rude people chaunted songs in praise of what they much loved, we must leave to the imagination to settle.

In the early history of Britain, we find a class of

* Hist. Essay on National Song, p. 3.

† See his History of America.

sacred poets existing, denominated **BARDS**, who are represented as singing verses to the harp, recording the deeds of heroes and heroines. The persons of these Bards were held sacred, and their skill was reckoned divine; but as civilization and literature advanced, and poetry no longer remained a separate science, this office with its numerous religious ceremonies, gave place to a new rank of poets called **Gleemen** or **Harpers**, of whom the English *Minstrels* are reckoned as the genuine successors.*

THE **MINSTRELS** were an order of men who flourished during the middle ages in the courts of our princes and the halls of our nobility, subsisting by the art of poetry and music, and singing to the harp verses composed by themselves or others, at the same time adorning their recitations with mimicry and action.† Before the invention of printing, our ancestors, who according to Sir Walter Scott, had little conversational powers, encouraged the two most delightful arts, to drown care and afford amusement. The ancient Bards or **Scalds**, merely sang in praise of heroes, but the Minstrels on the introduction of Metrical Romance-writing into Europe, whether from Arabia or Scandinavia, related the marvellous

* See Percy, Warton, Ellis, Ritson, Scott, to whose valuable Essays on Ancient Minstrelsy, these pages are much indebted.

† Such is the definition Percy at last gave, "which," Sir W. Scott says, "no unprejudiced reader can have any hesitation in adopting." Intr. to Min. of Scot. Border. Ritson argued that Minstrel meant no more than Musician, which Scott justly laughs at.

deeds of some wondrous champion who undertook and accomplished the destruction of a fiery dragon, that had infested forest or field for years without number, in order to attain the hand of a beauteous Blancheflour. Many of those old romances, which the Minstrels chanted, and which Chaucer alludes to, still exist, shewing a vein of fancy and an elegance of description, for the period in which they were composed truly wonderful,—have re-appeared within these few years delighting, and even enchanting another course of readers and listeners. Whether our Minstrels* were indebted to their own imagination for the birth of such wild effusions, or borrowed from the neighbouring countries, has been a point on which our antiquaries have expended much learning and ingenuity. It seems probable, that Sir Tristrem, Hyndhorn, and Havelok the Dane, are productions of the British soil, but even of these there exist copies in French and German, with the story a little varied, apparently about the same age; indeed, there are few or none of our romances but exist in other languages with variations. To settle, then, to the fancy and ingenuity, of what nation we owe these “sedgeying tales,” will ever be a matter of doubt and dispute; it appears at least, likely, that

* Ritson with his characteristic arrogance asserts that, “there is not one single metrical romance in English, known to exist, which appears to have been written by a Minstrel.” (Intr. to Met. Roman. p. cvii.) That sagacious Editor attributes them to the monks.

those romances, the scenes of which are laid in Britain, are the compositions of native Minstrels.*

It will scarcely be foreign here to enter a little into the discussion about the precise rank the minstrels, the songsters of old, in their days of sunshine held. A writer of taste and learning—Bishop Percy, was the first to revive an interest in their strains, and to publish a curious and instructive history of the minstrel race; but the Bishop's poetic feeling induced him to heighten a little their situation, which the plodding industry of Ritson exposed, but exposed only to err himself as far on the other side. Ritson represents the English Minstrels, as little better than a despicable race; and that at no time, he writes, were they the favourite solacers of the leisure hours of princes, as Percy has described them. That the Norman Minstrels were better than beggars, the common story of Blondel and King Richard the First, is sufficient proof; but on what authority can it be said that they were beggars at all times? Sir Walter Scott has remarked, that True Thomas, or Thomas of Ercildoune, the Minstrel

* “The courts of our Norman Kings,” says Mr. George Ellis, “produced the birth of romance literature.” Ritson gives it as his opinion that “the art of romance writing, the English acquired from the French,” the English romances being merely translations from the French. [Met. Rom. p. e.] See Ellis’ Met. Roman. Intro.,—where the various hypotheses of Percy, Warton, Leyden, &c. are ably examined. Mr. Ellis’ hypothesis seems founded on a good base, for the French language was spoken in the courts of England as well as in those of France. But in what country romance writing had its origin will always be a matter of dispute.

Author of *Sir Tristrem*, was “the companion of nobles, and himself a man of landed property ;” and the constant starting note of old ballads, “ *Lythe and listen lordins free*,” proves that they were not constantly in the habit of addressing a class of men humble like themselves. Fortunately for this theory, as objections have been made to the word “ *lordins*,” meaning “ lords ;” Percy has printed in his collection, the fragment of the ancient romance of *Guy and Colbronde*, which we wish he had brought forward to support his position, for Ritson could not have quietly passed it over: it begins thus—

When meete and drynke is great plentye
 And *lords* and *ladies* still will bee
 And sit and solace [b]lythe
 Then it is time for mee to speake,*
 &c. &c. &c.

If “ *lordins*” is a diminutive expression, there can surely be no objections to the certainly clear enough defined words “ lords and ladies.” But despicability surely can never be applied to a class of men, one of whom, the *joculator* or minstrel of William the Conqueror, had lands allotted to him in Gloucestershire. † While one of the same individuals was a camp attendant of Edward the

* *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

† See *Ellis's Intr. to Met. Rom.*

Second to the field of Bannockburn. These at least are good authorities for a contradiction of Ritson's assertions.

The genuine minstrel ballads which time has spared to us, Ritson supposes, not willingly, for he had no regard for Percy or his book, to be, 1. The ancient Ballad of Chevy Chace; 2. Battle of Otterbourne; 3. John Dory; 4. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard; 5. Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor, and 6. Fair Margaret and Sweet William: "to which," the same scrupulous editor has said "we may possibly add, John Armstrong and Captain Care," * These ballads are well known through the numerous publications of Ancient Minstrelsy poured upon us during the last fifty years.

As soon as printing had diffused literature through the land, the place of the minstrels was supplied, and gradually that poetic race sank into neglect and obscurity, frequenting taverns, and accepting the poor man's groat, instead of feasting with the rich and being rewarded with gold. Talent then left their ranks and made its fame known by the printer's type, and blind harpers and indifferent crowders chanted with rude voices songs and ballads still affording pleasure to the public ear. In the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, we learn from Puttenham's Art of English Poesie, the Minstrels had totally lost favour,

* Intr. to Met. Rom. p. cxxviii.

so that in 1596, an Act of Parliament was passed, classing them with “sturdy beggars, rogues and vagabonds,” and adjudging them to be punished as such. The ill-favour into which they had fallen, made Dr. Bull, a satirist of that time, speak of them as

Beggars by one consent,
And rogues by Act of Parliament.

And Stubb's, in his *Anatomie of Abuse*, published in 1583, quoted by Ritson, has described them as “drunken sockets and bawdy parasites, that sing unclean songs in ale-houses, innes and other public assemblies.” Thus the race of Minstrels became extinct.*

* Judging from the lengthy Romances and Ballads which the Minstrels treated our forefathers with, their patience must not have been small. When we would now a-days fly to books for amusement, our ancestors called for the harp and the Minstrel's talent, when strains or tales similar to many of Chaucer's were chanted. *Troilus and Cressida*, the poet directs to be,

—*redde where so thou he or ellis songe.*

B. v. verse 1796.

The tale it is highly probable was divided into parts or fyttes, for different nights, as Scott has imitated in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. One of the concluding lines of a romance printed by Mr. George Ellis, runs:—

And of Ipomydon here is a fytte.

The chief musical instruments in the days of Chaucer were the harp, which the wanton Frere could play on—and the wife of Bath had oft danced to. The sautrie or psaltery on which bendy Nicholas could sweetly play. The rote, the violin, or hurdy gurdy now in use. The citole or cistole, supposed to be the dulcimer. The ribible, probably the rebec or fiddle—and the giterne, the cittern, or guitar. The lute,

The earliest English song, “ with or without musical notes,” is preserved among the Harleian MSS. [No. 978] it is written in praise of the cuckoo; Ritson refers it to about the year 1250, while Sir John Hawkins gives it to the middle of the fifteenth century. In examining the manuscript, the former date seems to come nearest the antiquity of the old illuminated parchment :

Sumer is icumen in.
 Lhude sing cucu.
 Groweth sed and bloweth med
 And springth the wde nu.
 Sing cucu.

Awe bleteth after lomb.
 Lhouth after calue cu.
 Bulluc sterteth. bucke uerteth
 Murie sing cucu.
 Cucu cucu.

Wel singes thu cucu
 Ne swik yu nauer nu.
 Sing cucu nu. sing cucu.
 Sjng cucu. sing cucu nu.

From another MS. in the Harleian Library [No. 2253], Ritson* has printed a song “ in praise of the

the cymbal, the tabour, the symphonie. The bagpipe, the hornpipe, with “ flutes and litlyng hornes,” also :—

Pipes, trompes, nakeres and clarionnes
 That in the bataille blowen blody sounes.

See Hawkins’s History of Music,—Burney’s Ditto, and Ritson’s Ancient Songs.

* It is but justice to state that Thomas Warton was the first to publish these songs of the olden time in his History of English Poetry.

author's mistress, whose name was Alysoun ;" this is inserted in his first class, comprehending the reigns of Henry III. Edward I. II. and III. and Richard II. It opens thus :

Bytuene Mersh ant Averil
 When spray biginneth to springe
 The lutel foul hath hire wyl
 On hyre lud * to syng ;
 Ich libbet in louelonyinge
 For semlokest † of all thyngs,
 He may me blisse bringe,
 Icham in hire brandoun. §
 An hendy hap ichabbe yhcnt
 Ichot ¶ from hevene it is me sent,
 From all wymmen my loue is lent
 Ant lyht on Alysoun.

He further speaks of—

Hire browe broune, hire eyhe blake.
 With lossum** chere [s]he on me loh ; ††
 With middel smal ant well ymak.

And in another place,—

Hire swyre ‡‡ is whittore then the swon.

The same MS. has preserved another song in which the author describes " his beautiful, but unrelenting mistress :"

That sweting is ant ever wes.

" I would place it," says Warton, " before or about the year 1200 ;" this is one of the verses :

* In her own language.

† I live. † Seemliest.

‡ I am at her command.

¶ I have caught or gotten a good

fortune. ¶ I wot. ** Lovesome.

†† Laughed. ‡‡ Neck.

Heo* is eoral of go[o]dnesse,
 Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,
 Heo is cristal of clairnesse,
 And baner of bealtè.
 Heo is lilie of largesse,
 Heo is parbeuket† of prouesse.
 Heo is solsecle‡ of suetnesse,
 And ledy of bealtè.

Though she is as Burns says, “ the pink of woman-kind,” yet—

For hire love y carke ant care,
 For hire love y droupne and dare, §
 For hire love my blisse is bare,
 And al ich waxe won.
 For hire love in slep yslake
 For hire love all nyht ich wake,
 For hire love mournyng y make
 More than eny mon.

the chorus is :

Blow northerne wynd
 Sent thou me my suetyng
 Blow northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou.

Another of our old writers has praised his mistress as the fairest maid “ betweene Lyncolne ant Lyndesey, Northampton ant Lounde,” [i. e. London] in five stanzas, beginning in this very pleasing way :

When the nyhtegale singes the wodes waxen green,
 Lef ant gras ant blosme springes in Averyl y wene,
 Ant love is to myn herte gon with one spere so kene
 Nyht ant day my blod hyt drinkes, myn herte deth me tene.

* She. † Pink. ‡ Sunflower. § Hurt or distress myself.

These “auncient ditties,” are supposed to have been written anterior to Chaucer,

“ Whose light those clouds and mists dissolv’d
Which our dark nation long involv’d ;”

the father of our poetry had in his day written many a song and goodly ballad ; like his “ yonge squier,”

“ He coude songes make and well indite,”

if he could not “ singe and plaien on a rote,” like the wanton “ frere.” These valuable pieces of ancient minstrelsy, time, the greatest of thieves, has robbed us of. As Ritson says, “ Chaucer’s ballads have been sung, but they are certainly no songs.”

To illustrate the history of song during the reigns of the kings immediately following Chaucer’s master, Edward III., our many public libraries afford little or nothing. Gower and Occleve adorned our literature, or rather improved the ruggedness of our language ; and Lydgate, a monk, wrote as many works as would satisfy the burning thirst for writing, of half a dozen of the voluminous authors of the nineteenth century. Though Henry V. ordered that no songs should be recitcd to celebrate the victory of Agincourt, some poet laureate of those days has wedded it to immortal rhyme, even the music of it has been preserved.* Charles Duke

* See Percy’s Reliques, vol. ii. p. 26. Ed. 1811.

of Orleans, while prisoner in England during this reign, wrote a volume of Love poems, still preserved among the Harleian Papers, [682]. The Editor looked for a better specimen than the one given by Ritson, beginning,—

Lend me youre praty mouth madame,
See how y kneele here at yowre feet, &c. &c.

but it was a vain search.

To the reign of his son, Henry VI. is given the old ballads of Chevy Chace and the battle of Otterbourne, ballads admired by old and young. Of this time also, is a “Song on an Inconstant Mistress,” a theme prevalent in all ages.

Who so lyst to love, God send hym right good spedē.

Some tyme y loved, as ye may see,
A goodlyer ther myght none be,
Here womanhode in all degree,
Full well she quytt my mcde.

[Who so lyst, &c.]

Unto the tyme, upon a day,
To sone ther fill a gret affray,
She badde me walke forth on my way,
On me she gatt none hede.

Woso lyst, &c.

I asked the cause why and wherfor,
She displesede was with me so sore ;
She wold nat tell, but kept in store,
Perdy it was no nede.

Woso lyst, &c.

For if y hadde hur displeased
In worde or dede, or hir greved,
Than if she hadde before meved,*
She hadde cause in dede.

Woso lyst, &c.

* Departed.

But well y wote y hadde nat done,
 Hur to disples, but in grete mone
 She hath me left and ys agone,
 For sowre my hert doth blede.

Wo so lyst, &c.

Some tyme she wold to me complayne,
 Yff she had felt dysease or Payne,
 Now fele y nougnt but grete disdayne,
 Allas, what is your rede?

Wo so lyst, &c.

Shall I leve of, and let hur go ?
 Nay ner the rather will y do so,
 Yet though unkyndnesse do me wo,
 Hur will y love and drede.

Wo so lyst, &c.

Some hope that when she knowith the case,
 Y truste to God that withyne short spase
 She will me take agayne to grace,
 Than have y well abydde.

Wo so lyst, &c.

And for trew lovers shall y pray,
 That ther ladyes fro day to day,
 May ' them ' rewarde so that they may
 With joy ther lyves lede.

Wo so lyst, &c. *

In the reign of Edward IV. we have a ' balet' by Anthony Woodvyle, Earl Rivers, written during his imprisonment in Pontefract castle, in the year 1483,

* From MSS. More, F. f. 1. 6. Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 72. Among the Harleian MSS. [541] written in Henry VIth's time, there is an old song beginning :—

Bryng us home good ale, sir, bryng us home good ale,
 And, for our der ladylove bryng us home good ale.

Its value is hurt by its indelicacy, and the introduction of our Saviour's ' cursc and mine.' Dr. Johnson has said of it—that the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments very worthless.

there is nothing remarkable in it, though Percy and Ritson have inserted it in their collections.

To Henry the Eighth's time belongs John Skelton, the poet laureat, an industrious plodding rhymers; many of his songs savour too strongly of indecency, and others are but scant of merit. His works paint the manners of his age, and are valuable merely for that unpoetical quality. We have other songs besides Skelton's, written at this period, the best of which is one entitled by Ritson:—

A [LOVE] SONGE.

My joye it is from her to here,
Whom that my mynd ys euer to see,
& to my hart she ys most near
For I love hur & she lovyth me.

Of deuty nedes I must hur love,
Which hath my hart so stedfastly,
Ther ys no Payne may me convert,
But styl to loue hur whyle she lovyth me.

Both loue for loue, & hart for hart,
Which hath my hart so stedfastly,
Therfore my hart shall not remove,
For I love hur & she lovyth me.

Chryst wolt * the ffuger † of hur swete face
Were pyctored wher euer I ' be'
Yn euery hall, from place to place,
For I loue hur and she lovyth me.

Her copany doth me confort,
Therfor in hast I wyll resorte,
To yoye my harte wt play & sport,
For I loue hur & she lovyth me.‡

* Would to Christ.

† Figure.

‡ Ritson strangely enough altered these verses himself for the new edition of his *Ancient Songs*, transposing lines, omitting the last

Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music has presented us with another very pretty song, written in Harry the Eighth's day, inserted by Ritson in his Ancient Songs.

MY SWETE SWETING.

Ah, my swete swetyng !
 My lytyl prety swetyng,
 My swetyng wyl I loue whereuer I go ;
 She is so proper and pure,
 Full stedfast, stabill and demure,
 There is none such, ye may be sure,
 As my swete sweting.

In all thys world, as thynketh me,
 Is none so plesaunt to my eye,
 That I am glad soo ofte to see,
 As my swete swetyng.

When I behold my swetyng swete,
 Her face, her hands, her minion fete,
 They seme to me there is none so mete,
 As my swete swetyng.

Above all other prayse must I,
 And loue my pretty pygsnye,*
 For none I fynd soo womanly
 As my swete swetyng.

Among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum there is a small oblong music book, with words and notes, undoubtedly written during the reign of Henry VIII. The songs found in it are of no great merit, even the industrious Ritson, a lover of every

stanza, and christening it, " Mutual Affection," what sacrilege ! See the edition of 1830, vol. ii. p. 22. The above is printed from the MS. (Harl. 3362) and Ritson's first print.

* Sweetheart.

thing that wore an air of antiquity, passed it over. It contains a few verses nevertheless written with a tinge of comic spirit about them, an uncommon rarity in this class of English productions. An unfortunate suitor, apparently rejoicing that some misfortune has happened to his once loved Kytt, bursts into the subject at once—

Kytt hath the lost hur key hur key,
 Goode Kytt hath lost hur key,
 She is so sorry for the cause—
 She wotts not what to say—
 She wotts not what to say goode Kytt—
 She wotts not what to say,
 Goode Kitt's so sorry for the cause—
 She wotts not what to say.

Goode Kytt she wept, I ask'd why so
 That she made all this mone,
 She sayde alas ! I am so woo
 My key is lost and gone.
 Kytt hath the lost, &c.

Kytt why did ye losse your key
 Fore sothe ye were to blame,
 Now eu'y man to yow will say
 Kytt Losse Key is your name.
 Kytt hath the lost, &c.

Goode Kytt she wept and cry'd, alas !
 Hur key she cowde not fynde
 In faythe I trow in bowsrs she was
 With sum that were not kinde.
 Kytt hath the lost, &c.

Now farewell Kytt I can no more
 I wot not what to say,
 But I shall pray to Gode therfore
 That yow may fynde your key.
 Kytt hath the lost, &c.

Another of the little pieces contained in it, which has likewise never before been referred to, comes from a favoured lover in praise of his mistress.

If I hadde wytt for to endyte
Off my lady both fayre and free
Of her goodnesse then wolde I write,
Shall no man know her name for me.

I love hur well wyth hart and mynde
She ys ryght true I doo hyt see
My hart to haue she dothe me bynde
Shall no man know hur name for me.

She doth not wauer as the wynde,
Nor for no new me chaunge dothe she
But all wayes true I doo hur fynde
Shall no man know hur name for me.

He concludes by saying that she hath his heart and ever shall—

Tyll by dethē departyd we bee.

The same writer who keeps up a mystery about his love, is probably the author of the following lines.—

The little pretty nightingale
[Sings sweet] among the levis green
I would I were with her all night
But yet ye wote not whom I mean.

The nightingale sat on a brere
Among the thornys sharp and keen
And comfort me with merry cheer
But yet ye wote not whom I mean.

The Editor has modernised the spelling of one of the exclamations in the song against Fortune, and slightly altered one or two lines.

O Fortune now my wounds redress
 And help me from my smart,
 It cometh well of gentleness
 To ease a mourning heart.

O Fortune cruel harsh and hard
 What aileth thee at me
 My pleasures all thou dost retard
 To aid Adversity.

Alas ! I love a goodly one,
 Who loveth me again—
 It is for her I live alone—
 Though thou dost shower disdain.

To have her hand I think me sure,
 O Fortune cry consent—
 And change thy frown of displeasure,
 Not make our love misspent.

Woe worth thy power my foremost foe
 That art so rude to me
 Thou turnest all to care and woe—
 That joys and sweets should he.

Among the Cottonian MSS. [Vesp. A. 25.] there is a “*Dyttie to hey Downe*,” which Percy inserted with a few alterations in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry. The volume contains “*Divers things of Hen. viij’s time*”—this is the first verse :

Who sekes to tame the blustering wind,
 Or cause the floods hend to his will,
 Or else against dame Natures kind,
 To change things frame[d] by cunning skill :
 That man I think hestoweth pain,
 Though that his lahour he in vain.

Henry Howard, Lord Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, were the chief poets adorning the reign of the last Henry. Neither of them wrote what may strictly be called songs, Surrey’s “*description of the*

restless state of a lover," borders closely on the debateable land :—

When youth had led me half the race
 That Cupid's scourge had made me run ;
 I looked back to mete the place
 From whence my weary course begun.

as also does Wyatt's "description of the sorrow of true lovers parting :—"

There was never nothing more me pain'd,
 Nor more my pity mov'd,
 As when my sweetheart her complain'd,
 That ever she me lov'd—
 Alas ! the while !

The beautiful pastoral ballad 'Harpalus,' is a composition of this period, the exquisite simplicity of the description, that want of straining for effect cannot be too greatly admired. The author whoever he was had the feelings of a true poet, and wrote like one.

To the short reign of the sixth Edward, Ritson ascribes a very singular and clever song written in dispraise of women ; here are one or two of the verses :—

These women all,
 Both great and small,
 Are wavering to and fro,
 Now her[e] now ther[e]
 Now every wher[e],
 But I will not say so.

They love to range,
 Ther[e] minds doth change
 And make ther ' friend' ther foe ;
 As lovers trewe,
 Eche daye they chewse new
 But I will not say so.

They laughe, they smylle,
 They do begylle,
 As dyce that men 'do' throwe ;
 Who useth them much
 Shall neuer be ryche,
 But I will not say so.*

A discontented husband during the same reign complains in stanzas which no doubt he thought just and good. They are clever and happy, these will serve as a specimen :—

The man ys blest
 That lyves in rest,
 And so can keep him styll ;
 And he is ' accurst,'
 That was the first
 That gave his wyff her will.

* * *

There ys no man
 Whose wisdom canne
 Reforme a wylfull wyff,
 But onely god
 Who maide the rod
 For our unthryfty lyffe.

'The religious morality' of lusty *Juventus* opens with this not inelegant song for the sixteenth century :—

In a herber grene aslepe where as I lay,
 The byrdcs sange swete in the middes of the daye,
 I dreamed fast of myrth and play ;
 In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked stil to and fro,
 And from her company I could not go ;
 But when I waked it was not so :

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

* Harl. MS. 7578.

Therfore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight,
Which is my joy and hartes delyght :
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

These selections are among the very best specimens of our old songs that have come down to us. If they have all the simplicity of the old ballad, they lack something of the poetic fervour of expression which the others possess in so eminent a degree. This want the Elizabethan writers supplied. “ We now arrive at the time,” says Ritson, writing of this period, “ in which we are to look for the origin of the modern English song; not a single composition of that nature, with the smallest degree of poetical merit, being discoverable at any preceding period.” *

The collection of songs here presented to the public, being arranged chronologically, will serve to shew the progress of song from the reign of Elizabeth to the present day in the clearest view. The very graphic picture contained in Bishop Still’s “ Jolly Good Ale,” cannot be too much admired—it is not only the earliest English drinking song, but it is the best, and save a phrase or two might be sung with good effect in the present day. Were our musicians to turn more frequently to our best Anthologies, their talent and their ingenuity might be better employed than in setting to not indifferent airs the vast piles of mere trash, and pilfered

* Hist. Essay on Nat. Song, p. lvi.

trash too, that the musical market has of late been deluged with.

The tune of Lady Greensleeves was very popular in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's age. The song or ballad to this air, printed in a little quarto collection of Poems entitled, "A Handful of Pleasant Delights," 1584, is worthy of having some of its yerses extracted into these pages, as affording an insight into the manners of an age we cannot be too well acquainted with. It opens in this manner :—

Alas ! my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously ;
And I have loved you so long
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my ioy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeves.

I have been readie at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I haue both waged life and land,
Your love and good will for to have.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly,
I kept thee booth at boord and bed
Which cost my purse well favouredly.

I bought thee peticotes of the best—
The cloth so fine as might be
I gave thee iewels for thy chest
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smocke of silke bothe fair and white
With gold embrodered gorgeously ;
Thy peticote of sendall * right
And thesc I bought thee gladly.

* Thin silk.

He then describes her girdle of gold, her purse, the crimson stockings all of silk, the pumps as white as milk, the gown of grassy green, the satin sleeves, the gold-fringed garters, all of which he gave her with his gayest gelding, and his men decked all in green to wait upon her :—

They set thee up, they took thee down
 They served thee with humilitie ;
 Thy foote might not once touch the ground
 And yet thou wouldest not love me.

She could desire no earthly thing but what she had it.

Wel I wil pray to God on hie
 That thou my constancie mayst see,
 And that yet once before I die
 Thou wilt voachsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell ! adieu !
 God I pray to prosper thee !
 For I am still thy lover true,
 Come once again and love me.

These verses are homely enough—but there is a song a degree or two more elegant contained in the same curious volume ; it bears the singular heading of “ The Lover being wounded with his Ladies beautie requireth mercy, ‘ to the tune of Apelles.’ ”

The livelie sparkes of those two eyes
 My wounded hart hath set on fire ;
 And since I can no way devise
 To stay the rage of my desire.
 With sighs and trembling tears I crave
 My deare on me some pitie have.
 In vewing thee, I tooke such ioy,
 As one that sought his quiet rest ;
 Until I felt the feather'd boy
 Ay flickering in my captive brest—
 Since that time, loe ! in deep despaire
 All void of ioy my time I weare.

The wofull prisoner Palemon,
 And Troylus eke, Kinge Pyramus sonne,
 Constrained by love did never mone
 As I my deer for thee have done—
 Let pitie then requite my paines—
 My life and death in thee remaines.

If constant love may reap his hire
 And faith unfained may purchase,
 Great hope I have to my desire
 Your gentle heart will grant me grace,
 Till then, my deer! in few wordes plaine
 In pensive thoughts I shall remaine.

“ The Phœnix Neste,” another valuable collection of small poems, printed within a few years of the volume we have just quoted from, contains a Lover’s description of his Love,

about whose gentle eye
 A thousand Cupids flie,

and who wishes to pursue no sweeter life than to die in her love. Here are a few of the stanzas.—

The lillie in the fielde,
 That glories in his white—
 For pureness now must yeelde,
 And render up his right
 Heaven pictur’d in her face
 Doth promise ioy and grace.

Faire Cinthia’s siluer light,
 That beates on running streames,
 Compares not with her white,
 Whose haires are all sunbeames,
 Hir virtues so doe shine
 As daie vnto mine eine.

With this there is a red,
 Exceeds the damaske rose ;
 Which in her cheeke is sprcd ;
 Whence euery fauor groes
 In skie therc is no starre,
 That she surmounts not farre.

When Phœbus from the bed,
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In faire carnation wise—
He sheues it in her face
As Queene of every grace.

Our old poets seemed to imagine as too true what the Duke of Orleans wrote on his copy of manuscript poems preserved in the British Museum, that “the god Cupide, and Venus the goddess hau pour on all worldly gladness.”

Ritson places Marlowe at the head of the song-writers of Elizabeth's reign, “not more,” says he, “by reason of his priority, than on account of his merits.” Had Marlowe alone written the little song of the Shepherd to his Love, (“in which,” Mr. Campbell writes, “there are found the combined beauties of sweet wild spirit, and an exquisite finish of expression,”) his name would descend to posterity as a writer of both high and pure fancy—though his “mighty lines,” as Jonson calls them, had never been either composed or preserved. Raleigh's reply to the Shepherd, wanting the originality, has all the same feeling, grace, and delicacy of Marlowe's song. Gifford, Lilly, Fulke Greville, and Greene, have each left some pretty specimens of lyrical talent, but nothing particularly to distinguish them from others.

Had Breton written always with the simplicity and sweetness found in his *Phillida* and *Corydon*, his name would have been more widely known.

The song beginning, “Take, oh take those lips away,” is worthy of any age or of any poet—it is far superior in exquisite delicacy of thought to any of Shakspeare’s very admirable songs varied as they are. Chalkhill’s song well merits the commendation of Isaak Walton as ‘choicely good.’ Wotton wrote with the feeling of a true poet, and old Donne in ‘the Bait,’ left his rugged lines and artificial pleasantries for something of simplicity and truth.

Ben Jonson’s songs are the most artfully imagined, and the most delightfully finished of any in our language. Those beginning, ‘Drink to me only with thine eyes,’ and ‘Oh do not wanton with those eyes,’ are the richest gems of this collection, fanciful, elegant, and refined. There is much sweetness and beauty about the lyrics of both Beaumont and Fletcher.

The ballads by George Wither, are universal and deserved favourites,—they breathe the air of Britain, and will be admired while Nature exists and poetry is felt. Mr. Campbell has justly styled Herrick’s address to the virgins as ‘sweetly Anacreontic.’ ‘Herrick has passages,’ Campbell adds, ‘where the thoughts seem to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure.’ Shirley’s ‘Death’s Final Conquest,’ is full of the finest moral grandeur.

Carew has been called by Pope a bad Waller—but neither Waller or Pope have happier touches of truth than are frequently found in Carew, who de-

servcdly ranks among the earliest of those who gave a cultivated grace to our lyrical strains.*

Of The Address to Althea from prison by Lovelace, Mr. Southey has said that it will live as long as the English language. Suckling wrote with ease, sprightliness, and gaiety, while the songs of Brome have, what may be called a great merit, variety.

We now arrive at the Revolution of 1660, when a complete change took place in our literature by the cultivated taste and exquisite ear of Dryden. By many it is thought that true feeling degenerated, and that nature really gave way to art : among this class of perhaps just thinkers is Mr. Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall. There have been few or no songs since the Revolution that can compare with the little lyrics found in our old dramatists—

Like orient pearls at random strung—

but I can see no good grounds for Mr. Procter's assertion that " from the period of the Revolution to the time of Thomson and Collins, all our songs, and most of our poems were evidently written by the celebrated 'Lady of Quality.' "

Dryden has spoken of Lord Dorset's songs as ' the delight and wonder of his age ; ' and flatteringly adds, ' they will be the envy of the next.' Time has stripped the leaves from the laurel bough that courtiers put around the brow of Dorset, and

* Campbell.

his fame as a man of talent rests solely upon his address written at sea during the Dutch war, to the Ladies at Whitehall. Dryden's genius had no command over a song, he was deficient in lyrical ease, and had neither nature or conceit on his side. Sedley, Rochester and Prior are Dryden's superiors in song.

The taste of Ritson was of a most commonplace quality—yet what he has said of Gay, may be taken as correct with a little abatement, ‘ while a particle of taste remains among us—his songs, lively, humorous, witty, elegant, tender and pathetic, will certainly be remembered, and must always please.’ Gay’s ballad,

‘Twas when the seas were roaring—

is one of our finest modern poems. The simplicity and truth found in Carey’s Sally in our Alley, will always cause it to be popular.

The single song of Bishop Percy’s

O Nancy wilt thou go with me,

is one of the most exquisitely beautiful in the English language. There is nothing more tender or sweet to be imagined. John Cunningham is the author of one fine song, ‘ Kate of Aberdeen,’ which posterity will not willingly let die, and the genius of Sheridan has served to enrich our Anthologies.

In this slight criticism on our song-writers, I have only ventured to speak of those poets whose

lyrics demanded a separate notice. It can never be a cause of complaint that England is singularly barren of song-writers, though it may be said she is somewhat deficient in good ones. Our best poets have almost all attempted song, and have, I think, too frequently failed, while those who have been generally spoken of as second class authors, have without exception the most lyrical turn of thought and expression. People are too apt to consider a song as a trifle because it is short, not remembering the compression, or what Dryden has styled the closeness of thought, with the simplicity, pathos, and music, requisite for an author to excel in a very difficult and very high department of genius. Burns has somewhere said that those who consider a good song as a trifle easy to be written, should set themselves down and try.

The songs of Mr. Moore are all but unequalled for elegance of expression and subtlety of thought, flowing along at the same time in the exactest harmony. The airs of Ireland are not only

Married to immortal verse,

but he has indeed as Cowley said, ' married them to eternal youth,' for time shall lend them fresh fervour and fresh beauty.*

* The Editor regrets that he has been unable to obtain permission to insert some of Mr. Moore's songs in this collection. He acknowledges the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Moore in granting him permission to select what he required as far as it lay in his power to do

Barry Cornwall has caught much of the spirit, and lyrical ease of our old dramatists. The depth of thought in his songs, is what we too rarely meet with. I need only mention the names of Mr. Lover and Mr. Darley, and who can do so without great approbation.

In looking over the works of our poets, it cannot but be a source of regret that such authors as Cowley, Donne, Daniel, Drummond, and many others had not given the fine ore of their genius a more popular cast, or a more musical nicety. The sentiments of these writers though often laboured and artificial, are frequently pleasingly natural, indeed some of the very finest compliments, or what should properly be called conceits, may be found in their pages. A gentleman author, Sir Benjamin Rudyard, who flourished during the Elizabethan period, has one of the happiest, one of the luckiest complimentary conceits ever imagined, he begins by saying since every man is singing the praises of his love, he sees no reason why he should not make some pretty song for the favourite of his heart, that she may fit it to her voice.

so ;—but the publisher and proprietor of the Irish Melodies has refused so many similar requests, that he could not accede to the present one without giving offence to titled and noble applicants. The Editor cannot conceive what injury the printing of half a dozen songs could do to the copyright of a work like the Irish Melodies—which must be in the hands of every one. Had the music of even a single song been printed, copyright would certainly have been interfered with and hurt—but with the printing of the lyrics themselves, the case seems otherwisc.

As for descent and birth in her,
You see, before you seek—
The house of York and Lancaster
United in her cheek.

Several little elegancies of almost similar beauty might be brought forward from the writings of old poets did the limits of this preface permit such wandering.

On comparing the English songs with the Scottish, it will be found, I think, that the former are more artificial, the latter more natural ; the English love songs rather depending upon a single sentiment, the Scottish in a general description and admiration of beauty, the one bordering somewhat upon coldness, the other full of warmth and truth, the one seems addressed to their mistresses, the other to those whom they love as themselves. A Scottish song is a story mingled with sentiment—the English is a sentiment alone. The Englishman writes as a learned cavalier, the Scotsman as an enthusiastic devotee. There are certainly exceptions on both sides to this parallel, but this seems the distinction.

There are few drinking or convivial songs in the English language, songs which may be sung—

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames—

the Scotch have got the better of their Southern neighbours in this respect ; there are no English lyrics which we can class with ‘ Willy brew’d a peck o’ maut,’ and ‘ When I’ve a saxpence under my

thumb,' (the latter, says Burns, is perhaps the best bottle song ever composed) ; of songs which excite laughter, or what should be rather called comic or humorous songs, the English are equally deficient. The Scotchman can put forward Duncan Gray, Tibbie Fowler, Willy was a wanton wag, and Maggy Lauder, all written in the true comic spirit, full of *glee and pawky humour*. Carey's strains are mere failures as drinking compositions, and when honest Harry, as Ritson delights to call him, descended into such strains as

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were lovers of the bottle,

his little talent was lost in mere balderdash.

Of martial, or what has been called naval and military songs, the English can shew few or none. While Thomson, Burns, Scott, and Campbell, have enriched the Scottish Anthologies, in this division of song, it must be regretted that Charles Dibdin is the only name an Englishman is able to produce.

If we observe so many beauties, and so many more admirable songs of nearly all kinds, the property of Scotland—it must nevertheless be admitted that the admirers of Anacreon will look in vain through the collection of Scots songs for a real Anacreontic, for an exquisite morsel written in the spirit of the old Grecian,—the English volumes are full of such sweets, such delicate and choice effusions of the fancy.

Ireland is on an equal footing with her sister-kingdoms in the department of Song-writing. Several of the finest productions contained in the present volume, are from the pens of Irishmen.

It will, the Editor thinks, be pretty generally allowed by those who are acquainted with lyrical compositions, that Ben Jonson stands decidedly at the head of English songsters, the delicacy and depth of his thought are unrivalled, but not more so than his exquisite manner of handling what one cannot but call a conceit. It was remarked by Burns that he would sooner be the author of one good song than twenty middling ones, Jonson's songs are not numerous (for I do not allude at large to those contained in his *Masques* which were not written, to be divided from the entertainments themselves), but the few he wrote are brilliants, brilliants of the first water set in the finest workmanship of gold. The request of his mistress to drink to him only with her eyes, will be admired as long as beauty has a lip, and gallantry is an ornament to man.

In the present collection of Songs it has been the desire of the Editor, not so much to please antiquarian readers with extracts from rare volumes, or the lovers of 'mirth and jollity,' with over-rapturous and indelicate songs; but by admitting whatever seemed to bear the stamp of talent and decency to give delight to beauty, and to place within the reach of the lovers of poetry a well-selected, and correct edition of our best lyrics

which lie scattered over so many hundred volumes. If the present work shall serve to wile away a lingering hour, the Editor will be pleased that a task, which though one of labour, has afforded him both instruction and amusement, will not altogether have been useless.

In venturing to select a few songs from the numerous strains of the authors of the nineteenth century—he feels that he has trod on very difficult ground, and though willing to please, still fears he may give offence. Dryden in one of his manly prologues complains of the many—

Who write new songs and trust in tune and rhyme,—

had that great author lived in the present day, he scarcely could have pictured more justly the herd of songsters that annoy the ear of all true lovers of poetry with sentiments as old as the unchanging hills ; dull thoughts foisted upon one without even a smooth air to recommend them.

It was the desire of Sir Joshua Reynolds that the last words he should pronounce in the Royal Academy should be the name of Michael Angelo. The Editor will conclude this imperfect introduction by naming the men whom he reckons to be the great song-writers of our nation, JONSON, BURNS and MOORE.

NOTE.

[Since the note was printed to the song at p. 75—

Keep on your mask and hide your eye,

the Editor has found the same verses given as the composition of Lord Pembroke, the great Patron of Literary talent. See Brydges' reprint of Pembroke and Rudyard's Poems, p. 92, first published by the son of Dr. Donne.]

SONGS
OF
ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

[The distinction between Scottish and English Songs, it is conceived, arises—not from the language in which they are written, for that may be common to both,—but—from the country to which they respectively belong, or of which their authors are natives. The discrimination does not so necessarily or properly apply to Ireland, great part of which was colonised from this kingdom, [England] and the descendants of the settlers have ever been looked upon as English.
RITSON.]

— SONGES
ATTYR'D IN SWEETNESSE —
Drummond of Hawthornden.

SONGS
OF
ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

JOLLY GOOD ALE.

BISHOP STILL.

I can not eat, but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I thinke, that I can drinke
With him that weares a hood,
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde;
I stuffe my skin so full within,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Backe and side go bare, go bare,
Booth foot and hand go cold:
But belly, God send thee good ale yngoughie,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire

No froste nor snow, nor winde, I trow,
 Can hurte me if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt
 Of joly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seeke,
 Full ofte drinkes shee, till ye may see
 The teares run down her cheeke ;
 Then doth she trowle to me the bowle,
 Even as a mault worm should ;
 And saith, sweet heart, I took my part
 Of this joly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do,
 They shall not misse to have the blisse
 Good ale doth bring men to :
 And all poor souls that have scowred boules,
 Or have them lustely trolde,
 God save the lives of them and their wives
 Whether they be yonge or olde.
 Back and side go bare, &c.

[From "A ryght pithy, plesaunt and merie comedie: Intytuled Gammer Gurtons Nedle, imprinted by Thomas Colwell, 1575." Warton and Ritson tell us that it is the first drinking ballad of any merit in our language. "It has," writes Warton, "a vein of ease and humour, which we should not expect to have been inspired by the simple beverage of those times." Hist. of Eng. Poet. Ed. 1824, vol. 4, p. 30. Still was Bishop of Bath and Wells.]

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Born 1565—Killed 1593.

Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks.
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses
And twinc a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull—
And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold—
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds
With coral clasps, and amber studs ;
If these, these pleasures can thee move
To live with me, and be my love.

[This beautiful song is the composition of Christopher Marlowe, a dramatic writer of Queen Elizabeth's time. It has commonly been attributed to Shakspeare, and part of it, even in the great poet's day,

was published with his name attached to it, in "The Passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musick, by Mr. William Shakespeare, London, Printed for W. Jaggard, 1599." In the Poetical Miscellany published in 1600, called "England's Helicon," it is given with Marlowe's name—and Isaak Walton in his Angler attributes it to him. Shakspeare makes Parson Evans sing some of the lines when he is waiting to fight Doctor Caius. Marlowe in his "Jew of Malta," 1591, quotes a verse of it. At the end of the volume will be found numerous variations as given in England's Helicon, the versions of Percy, Ritson, and Ellis, with that of Isaak Walton in his Angler. The reader will select the most poetical.]

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552—Beheaded 1618.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every Shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield ;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could Youth last, could Love still breed ;
Had joys no date, had Age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

[Written, Isaak Walton informs us by Raleigh, "in his younger days," and adds, alluding also to Marlowe's song, that it is "old fashioned poetry but choicely good." This copy is given from Sir Egerton Brydges' Edition of Raleigh's Poems—the earliest copy I believe known to exist is that in "England's Helicon," which the reader will find at the end of this volume. The signature "Ignoto," found often in that curious and valuable miscellany, is supposed to be Raleigh's.]

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

[ANOTHER OF THE SAME NATURE MADE SINCE.]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the spreading vine ;
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phœbus kiss my Summer's Queen.

The seat for your disport shall be,
Over some river in a tree ;
Where silver sand, and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play ;
And how the satyrs spend the day ;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly tuned throats,
Possess woods echoes with sweet notes ;
Which to your senses will impart
A music to enflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak
The ring-doves wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me and do no less.

In bowers of laurel trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night ;
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with most majesty.

Then in mine arms will I enclose,
Lilies' fair mixture with the rose ;*
Whose nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

* The reader will remember almost the same sentiment, but still

Thus as we pass the welcome night
 In sportful pleasures and delight,
 The nimble fairies on the grounds,
 Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice
 Your presence to love's paradise,
 Then come with me and be my dear,
 And we will straight begin the year.

[From England's Helicon, where it is printed with the signature Ignoto. There have been many imitators of Marlowe's song, and several parodies grossly indecent.]

HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Shall I, like a hermit dwell,
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it, where I may
 Meet a rival every day?

If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she be?

more beautifully expressed in the ballad of "Fair Rosamond" given by Percy :—

The blood within her crystal cheeke
 Did such a colour drive,
 As though the lillye and the rose
 For mastership did strive.

PERCY'S RELIQUES, vol. 2, p. 161, Ed. 1811.

Were her tresses angel-gold,*
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafeard,
 To convert them to a braid ;
 And with little more ado
 Work them into bracelets, too !
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs or precious eyes ;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses, for good-manners sake ;
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip ;
 If she seem not chaste to me
 What care I how chaste she be ?

No ; she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do
 Not like fire, by burning too ;
 But when she by change hath got
 To her heart a second lot ;
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be !

[Sir Egerton Brydges has admitted this piece into his edition of Raleigh's poems, but says he has strong doubts whether it should be attributed to Sir Walter's pen. It looks certainly more like one of George Wither's conceits.]

* Gold coined into Angels was so termed, being of a finer kind than crown gold. PARK.

THE SILENT LOVER.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Wrong not sweet mistress of my heart !

The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
Who sues for no eompassion !

Sinee, if my plaints were not t'approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t'exeed my duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of sueh perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affeetion.

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing :
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing !

Thus those desires that boil so high
In any mortal lover,
When Reason cannot make them die,
Discretion them must cover.

Yet when Diseretion doth bereave
The plaints that I should utter,
Then your Diseretion may pereeive
That Silenee is a suitor.

Silence in Love bewrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity !

Then wrong not ! dearest to my heart !
 My love for secret passion ;
 He smarteth most that hides his smart,
 And sues for no compassion !

[This is a most extraordinary poem ; terse, harmonious, pointed, full of ingenious turns, and often admirably expressed. It seems to have anticipated a century in its style. SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.]

WHENCE COMES MY LOVE ?

JOHN HARINGTON.

Whence comes my love ?—O heart ! disclose :
 'Twas from her cheeks that shame the rose,
 From lips that spoil the rubys praise,
 From eyes that mock the diamonds blaze.
 Whence comes my love, as freely own :
 Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind ;
 The lips, befitting words most kind ;
 The eyes does tempt to love's desire,
 And seems to say—'tis Cupid's fire !
 Yet all so fair, but speak my moan,
 Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek ;
Yet not a heart to save my pain ?
O Venus ! take thy gifts again :
Make not so fair, to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

[Supposed to have been written by the father of the celebrated Sir John Harington. See Park's Edition of Ritson's English Songs, vol. i. p. 165. Dr. Aikin in his "Vocal Poetry," 8vo. 1810, and Geo. Ellis in his "Early English Poets," vol. 2, p. 284, have printed it as Sir John Harington's.]

A WOMAN'S FACE.

HUMFREY GIFFORD.

Born about 1550.

A woman's face is full of wiles,
Her tears are like the crocodil :
With outward cheer on thee she smiles,
When in her heart she thinks thee ill.

Her tongue still chats of this and that,
Than aspine leaf it wags more fast ;
And as she talks she knows not what,
There issues many a truthless blast.

Thou far dost take thy mark amiss,
If thou think faith in them to find :
The weather-cock more constant is,
Which turns about with every wind.

I know some pepper-nosed dame
 Will term me fool and saucy jack,
 That dare their credit so defame,
 And lay such slanders on their back :
 What though on me they pour their spite :
 I may not use the gloser's trade,
 I cannot say the crow is white,
 But needs must call a spade a spade.

[From "A Poesie of Gilliflowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete," London, 1580. 4to. Black Letter. See Ellis's Specimens, vol. 2, p. 173.]

O FOR A BOWL OF FAT CANARY.

JOHN LYLIE [OR LILLY.]

Born about 1553—Died 1600.

O for a bowl of fat Canary,
 Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
 Some nectar else from Juno's dairy ;
 O these draughts would make us merry !

O for a wench (I deal in faces
 And in other daintier things),
 Tickled am I with her embraces ;
 Fine dancing in such fairy rings.

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
 Veal, lamb, capon, pig and coney ;
 None is happy but a glutton,
 None an ass but who wants money.

CHORUS.

Wines indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood.
For wenches, wine and lusty cheer,
Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

[From "Alexander and Campaspe." The plays of Lilly were republished in 1632, under the title of "Six Court Comedies." See Ellis's Specimens, vol. 2, p. 211.]

LOVE FOR LOVE.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

Born 1554—Died 1628.

Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads !
Away poor souls that sigh and weep,
In love of those that lie asleep !

For Cupid is a merry god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweep Cupid's shafts like destiny
Do causeless good or ill decree ;
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go !

What fools are they that have not known,
That Love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same.

Where Honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his !

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree :
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well-fare nothing once a year !

For many run, but one must win !
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of Love ;
And love as well the foster* can,
As can the mighty noble-man.

Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be :
Yet, without love, nought worth to me.

[“ Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.” Such was the inscription this well known character wished placed on his tomb.]

* An old contraction for *forester*.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Born about 1555.

In the merrie month of Maye
In a morne by break of daye
With a troope of damsels playing
Forthe—I yode*—forsooth a maying

When anon by a wood side,
Where as Maye was in his pride
I espied all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot ;
He wold love and she wold not.
She sayde, never man was trewe ;
He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe :
She sayes, love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then :
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men.

Tyll they doe for good and all—
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

* I went.

Then with manie a prettie othe,
 Yea and nay, and faith and trothe ;
 Such as seelie* shepperdes use
 When they will not love abuse ;

Love, that had bene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweete concluded ;
 And Phillida with garlands gaye
 Was made the lady of the Maye.

[This little pastoral song was sung before Queen Elizabeth at Elvetham in Hampshire—as she opened the casement of her gallery window in the morning, by “three excellent musicians, disguised in auncient country attire.” See Percy’s Reliques, vol. 3, p. 105, whose version I have followed in preference to that given in England’s Helicon, which is here subjoined.

In the merry month of May,
 In a morne by break of day,
 Forth I walk’d by the wood-side,
 When as May was in his pride :
 There I espied all alone,
 Phillida and Corydon.
 Much a doo there was, God wot,
 He would love and she would not.
 She said never man was true,
 He said, none was false to you,
 He said he had lou’d her long,
 She said, Love should have no wrong.
 Coridon would kiss her then,
 She said, maides must kiss no men,
 Till they did for good and all :
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witnesse truth :
 Neuer lou’d a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troath,

* Silly.

Such as silly shepheards use
 When they will not Love abuse.
 Loue which had beene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.
 And Phillida with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.—N. BRETON.]

FINIS.

TIME BREEDETH CHANGE.

ROBERT GREENE.

Born about 1560—Died 1592.

In time we see the silver drops
 The craggy stones make soft ;
 The slowest snail in time we see
 Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
 In tract of time doth fall ;
 The hardest heart in time doth yield
 To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
 There flasheth now a fire ;
 Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
 There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap :
 What care in time not eas'd ?
 In time I loath'd that now I love
 In both content and pleased.

[There is great beauty about the smaller poems of Greene. His poetical works were reprinted lately under the careful superintendence of Mr. Dyce.]

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are of those that April wears :
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

[The first stanza of this exquisite little song, is quoted by Shakespeare, in "Measure for Measure." But both the stanzas are found in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, *The Bloody Brother*, or *Rollo Duke of Normandy*, Act v. scene 2. It has been attributed to Shakspeare, but without any apparent foundation. Mr. Weber thinks the first stanza Shakspeare's, the last Fletcher's. George Ellis has printed the whole as the composition of Beaumont and Fletcher!]

SONG IN LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SHAKSPEARE.

Born 1564—Died 1616.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherd's pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo;—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

[For "Cuckoo-buds," in the third line, Dr. Farmer proposed as the true reading, "cowslip buds."]

SONG IN LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SHAKSPEARE.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who ;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SONG IN THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Who is Silvia ? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she :
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness :
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.

* Skim the pot, an expression common in Ireland.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

SONG IN KING HENRY VIII.

SHAKSPEARE.

Orpheus, with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art ;
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing die.

SONG IN CYMBELINE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty bin :
 My lady sweet arise ;
 Arise, arise.

[Sung by Cloten's musicians under the window of Imogen. Washington Irving when he made his pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon, tells us that 'Shakspeare's exquisite little Song' was called to his mind when he saw a lark pouring forth its torrents of melody in the bright and fleecy cloud, above him.]

YOUTH AND AGE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Crabbed Age and Youth
 Cannot live together ;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care :
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare :
 Youth is full of sport,
 Ages breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame :
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild and Age is tame,
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee ;

O, my love, my love is young :
Age I do defie thee ;
Oh sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stayst too long.

[Printed in the "Passionate Pilgrim," by Shakspeare, 1599. "It seems," says Percy, "intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan." Ford, in "Fancies chaste and noble," 1638, alludes to it, which gave Gifford an opportunity to call it "a despicable ditty."]

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMAN'S LIFE.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

Oh ! the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find,
High trolollie, lollie, loe, high trolollie, lee,
That quiet contemplation,
Possesseth all my mind :
Then, care away, and wend along with me

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been try'd,
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride :
Then, care away, and wend along with me.

But, oh the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart :
Then, care away, and wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
 Gray russet for our wives,
 'Tis warmth, and not gay clothing,
 That doth prolong our lives :
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

The ploughman though he labour hard,
 Yet on the holy-day
 No emperor so merrily
 Does pass his time away :
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage
 The heavens afford us showers,
 And for our sweet refreshments
 The earth affords us bowers :
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale,
 Full merrily do sing,
 And with their pleasant roundelayes,
 Bid welcome to the spring :
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
 The countryman enjoys,
 Though others think they have as much,
 Yet he that says so, lies :
 Then, come away, turn countryman with me.

[Found in Walton's Angler, 1653. Who Chalkhill was has been a matter of much dispute, by some he is supposed to be Walton himself; but Walton, who published his poem called Thealma and Clearchus, by John Chalkhill, calls him a friend of Spenser's. The chorus, " High trolollie," &c. is repeated as the third line of every verse.]

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Born 1568—Died 1639.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon* shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passion's understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

* "Sun" is the reading in the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*. The alteration I believe is Percy's, from a MS. copy.

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetness of her looks and mind ;
 By virtue first, then choice a queen ;
 Tell me, if she was not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

[“ Written, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619.” PERCY.

In Chambers' Scottish Songs, vol. ii. p. 31, this beautiful song is printed with three additional verses, and attributed to Lord Darnley, “ written it is said in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary, before their marriage.” These are the other verses, Mr. Chambers prints them from an old copy :—

You glancing jewels of the East,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glittering gems what is your praise,
 When the bright diamond shows his rays ?

But ah ! poor light, gem, voice, and sound,
 What are ye if my *Mary* shine ?
 Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
 Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,
 And yield to merit more divine.

The rose, and lily, the whole spring,
 Unto her breath for sweetness spec'd ;
 The diamond darkens in the ring ;
 When she appears, the moon looks dead,
 As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

In a little publication bearing date 1663, entitled, “ A crew of Kind London Gossips, to which is added ingenious poems,” the last verse of the additions is found, the rhyme in the second line is made ‘ run,’ and the two last lines are thus given :—

If she appear the moons undone,
 As in the presence of the sun.

There can be no good grounds for printing the song as Lord Darnley's !]

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice : who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

THE BAIT.

JOHN DONNE.

Born 1574—Died 1631.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun ;
And there th' innamour'd* fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loath,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both ;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snares, or windowy net ;

* Walton, who was a good judge of fish, reads “ enamell'd.”

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes ;

For thee thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
That fish that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

[From Donne's Works, 1635: it is in imitation of Marlowe's Shepherd's song. Isaak Walton, in his Angler, says, "I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Dr. Donne, and made to shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses when he thought smoothness worth his labour; and I love them better, because they allude to rivers, fish, and fishing." Walton reckons them among the "choice verses of other days."]

T O C E L I A.

BEN JONSON.

Born 1574—Died 1637.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine :
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a chance* that there
 It could not wither'd be:
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

[“Of this song,” says Ritson, “Anacreon, had Anacreon written in English, need not have been ashamed.”]

Richard Cumberland tells us that the thoughts are poached from an “obscure collection of love-letters, written by the sophist Philostratus.” To those who are curious in Greek, we refer them to the *Observer*, No. lxxiv.; and Gifford’s *Ben Jonson*, vol. 8, p. 267, where they will see the origin of this song explained in several pages.

Jonson is certainly indebted for the idea to the old Greek, but who, save Jonson, could have rendered the thoughts so gracefully?

Herrick wrote an address to “The Water Nymphs drinking at a fountain,” much in the spirit of the first verse:—

Reach with your whiter hands to me
 Some crystal of the spring;
 And I about the cup shall see
 Fresh lilies flourishing:

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this;
 To th’ glass your lips incline;
 And I shall see by that one kiss
 The water turn’d to wine.]

* Mr. Gifford reads “hope.”

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

BEN JONSON.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast :
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglcet more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They* strike mine eyes but not mine heart.

[This very fine song is found in the first act of the "Silent Woman." It is in imitation of some Latin verses which the reader will find given in Mr. Gifford's edition of Jonson, vol. 3, p. 347. Flecknoe, the learned Editor tells us caught a gleam of sense from them :

Give me the eyes, give me the face,
To which no art can add a grace,
And me the looks, no garb nor dress,
Can ever make more fair, or less.

Address to the Duchess of Richmond.]

* Percy reads " that."

T O C E L I A.

BEN JONSON.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can the sports of love ;
Time will not be ours for ever :
He, at length, our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set, may rise again ;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys ?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies ?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile ?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet thefts to reveal :
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

[Sung in the Fox. Gifford calls it a " very elegant and happy imitation of particular passages in Catullus."]

WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS.

BEN JONSON.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short, or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men.

WHAT JUST EXCUSE.

BEN JONSON.

What just excuse had aged Time,
His weary limbs now to have eased,
And sate him down without his crime,
While every thought was so much pleased!

But he so greedy to devour
 His own, and all that he brings forth,
 Is eating every piece of hour,
 Some object of the rarest worth—
 Yet this is reseued by his rage,
 As not to die by time, or age :
 For beauty hath a living name,
 And will to heaven, from whence it came.

[Sung after the last Masque Dance in “Love freed from Ignorance and Folly.”]

OH DO NOT WANTON.

BEN JONSON.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
 Lest I be sick with seeing ;
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
 For then their threats will kill me ;
 Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
 For so will sorrow slay me ;
 Nor spread them as distraet with fears ;
 Mine own enough betray me.

[Mr. Gifford writes—“With respect to the present song, if it be not the most beautiful in the language, I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found.” Gifford’s Ben Jonson, vol. 8, p. 319.]

DANCING SONG.

BEN JONSON.

Come on, come on ! and where you go,
So interweave the curious knot,
As ev'n the observer scarce may know
Which lines are Pleasure's, and which not.

First figure out the doubtful way,
At which a while all youth should stay,
Where she and Virtue did contend
Which should have Hercules to friend.

Then as all actions of mankind
Are but a labyrinth or maze :
So let your dances be entwined,
Yet not perplex men unto gaze :

But measur'd, and so numerous too,
As men may read each act they do ;
And when they see the graces meet
Admire the wisdom of your feet.

For dancing is an exercise,
Not only shows the mover's wit,
But maketh the beholder wise,
As he hath power to rise to it.

[Sung by "Dædalus the wise," before the first dance in the Masque
of "Pleasure reconciled to Virtue."]

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

From Oberon, in faireye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, deservye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins ! where I go ;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho !

Whene'er such wanderers I meeete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes ;

Or else, unseene with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meete them like a man ;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
And to a horse I turn me can ;
To trip and trot about them round,
But if to ride
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine ;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine ;
And to make sport,
I — and snort ;
And out the candles I do blow.
The maides I kiss.
They shrieke—who's this !
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maides to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll ;
And while they sleepe, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still ;

I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.

If any 'wake,

And would me take,

I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,

I pinch the maidens black and blue ;

The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,

And lay them naked all to view.

'Twixt sleepe and wake,

I do them take,

And on the key-cold floor them throw.

If out they cry,

Then forth I fly,

And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrowe ought,

We lend them what they do require :

And for the use demand we nought ;

Our owne is all we do desire.

If to repay,

They do delay,

Abroad amongst them then I go ;

And night by night,

I them affright

With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho !

When lazie queans have nought to do,

But study how to cog and lye ;

To make debate and mischief too,

'Twixt one another secreltlye :

I wark their gloze,*

And it disclose,

* Canting, dissimulation.

To them whom they have wronged so ;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engins set
In loop holes where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe :
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so ;
But when they there,
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;
And to our faerye king and queene
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling ;
And babes new born steal as we go,
And elfe in bed,
We leave instead
And wend us Iaughing, ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro :
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nightes,

The hags and goblins do me know ;
 And beldames old
 My feates have told ;
 So, Vale, Vale ; ho, ho, ho !

[This song which is attributed to Ben Jonson, I print from Percy's Reliques, vol. 3, p. 254. [Ed. 1811.]

The form of Robin Good-Fellow, Sir Joshua Reynolds has painted for us, his doings are admirably told above.]

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Come, follow, follow me,
 You, fairy elves that be :
 Which circle on the greene,
 Come follow Mab your queene.
 Hand in hand let's dance around,
 For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest ;
 Unheard and unespy'd,
 Through key-holes we do glide ;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep :
 Then we pinch their armes and thighes ;
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But, if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoc.

Upon a mushrooms head
Our table cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;
Tailes of wormes, and marrow of mice
Do make a dish that's wonderous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

[Printed from Percy's text. Its author has been well acquainted with the "Robin Goodfellow" in the page before.]

CLOUDS AWAY, AND WELCOME DAY.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Born about 1580.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my love good Morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good Morrow,
To give my love good Morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow ;
And from each hill, let music shrill,
Give my fair love good Morrow.
Black bird, and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow !
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow.

[From "Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, &c." 1607.]

TELL ME DEAREST.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Born 1586—Died 1615. Born 1576—Died 1625.

P. Tell me dearest what is love?

M. 'Tis a lightning from above;
 'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
 'Tis a boy they call Desire

Both. 'Tis a grave
 Gapes to have
 Those poor fools that long to prove.

P. Tell me more are women true?

M. Yes, some are, and some as you.
 Some are willing, some are strange,
 Since you men first taught to change

Both. And till troth
 Be in both,
 All shall love, to love anew.

P. Tell me more yet, can they grieve?

M. Yes, and sicken sore, but live!
 And be wise, and delay
 When you men are wise as they

Both. Then I see,
 Faith will be,
 Never till they both believe.

found in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act 3, Scene 2, standing thus :

Jasp. Tell me dearest what is love ?
Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above ;
 'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
 'Tis a boy they call Desire.
 'Tis a smile
 Doth beguile
Jasp. The poor hearts of men that prove.

Tell me more are women true ?
Luce. Some love change and so do you.
Jasp. Are they fair and never kind ?
Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.
Jasp. Are they froward
Luce. Ever toward
 Those that love, to love anew.

It is a very common question with our old poets, " What is love." See Greene's Works, vol. 2, p. 276. Drummond of Hawthornden's Poems, Ed. 1833, p. 250, and Raleigh's Poems, by Brydges, p. 20.]

DRINKING SONG.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Drink to day and drown all sorrow,
 You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.
 Best while you have it use your breath ;
 There is no drinking after death.

Wine wakes the heart up, wakes the wit,
 There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
 It helps the head-ache, cough and ptisie,
 And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

[From the "Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy," Act 2,
Scene 2.]

TO LOVE.

JOHN FLETCHER.

Merciless love, whom Nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride,
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flow
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slow,
Thus ill-rewarded ? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer :
Then everlasting Love, restrain thy will ;
'Tis godlike to have power but not to kill.

[From "The Chances," Act 2, Scene 2.]

LAY A GARLAND.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Lay a garland on my hearse
 Of the dismal yew ;
 Maidens willow branches bear—
 Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
 From my hour of birth,
 Upon my buried body lie
 Lightly, gentle earth.

[Sung by Aspatia in “The Maid’s Tragedy.”]

A SONG TO THE LUTE.

JOHN FLETCHER.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
 Since, thou know’st, I must be gone ;
 Wind and tide, ’tis thought doth stay me,
 But ’tis wind that must be blown
 From that breath, whose native smell
 Indian odours doth excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee ;
 But perfume this neighbouring air
 Else dull silence sure, will starve me :
 ’Tis a word that’s quickly spoken,
 Which being restrain’d, a heart is broken.

[From the “Spanish Curate,” Act 2, Scene 4.]

MIRTH FILLS THE VEINS WITH BLOOD.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes;
Or meets with *aches* in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs the more he may.

[Sung by Merrythought in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle,"
Act 2, Scene v.]

TO HIS MISTRESS.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better,
Whilst proud of my triumphant chain
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, snaring hairs,
 And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
 As he brings ruin that repairs
 The sweet afflictions that displease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
 With envious veils from my beholding ;
 Unlock those lips their pearly row
 In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
 The restless fate of every lover,
 Survey the pains my sick-heart feels
 And wounds themselves have made discover.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains,
 And over the waves ;
 Under the fountains,
 And under the graves ;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune obey ;
 Over rocks that are steepest
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie ;
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly ;
 Where the midge dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay ;
 If love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child for his might ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward from his flight :
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be eonceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 By having him confin'd,
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing to be blind ;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may,
 Blind love if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phoenix of the East ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey ;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
 He will find out his way.

[“This excellent song,” says Percy, “is ancient; but we could only give it from a modern copy.” Ritson accuses the poetical divine of giving it “some of his own brilliant touches.” These alterations occur in the third verse, thus printed by Allan Ramsay in the *Tea-table Miseellany* :—

You may esteem him
 A child in his force ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse.

In Forbes’ *Aberdeen Cantus*, 1666, there are some additional stanzas, but of no great merit.]

BEAUTY INCOMPATIBLE WITH CHASTITY.

All the materials are the same
Of beauty and desire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame
No brightness is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what those creatures are
That would be thought both chaste and fair.

If on her necke her haire be spred
In many a eurious ringe,
Why half the heat that curles her head
Will make her madde to be a bed,
And do the tother thinge.
Then tell me what those creatures are
That would be thought both chaste and fair.

Though modesty it selfe appeare
With blushes in her face,
Doest think the bloud that dances there
Can revel it no other where,
Nor warm another place?
Then tell me what those creatures are
That would be thought both chaste and fair.

Go ask of thy philosophy,
What gives her lips the balm,
What sp'rit gives lightning to her eye
And makes her breasts to swell so high
And moystnesse to her palm.
Then tell me what those ercatures are
That would be thought both chaste and fair.

Then be not nice, for that alas
 Betrays thy thoughts and thee :
 I know thou louest, and not one grace
 Adorns thy body or thy face
 But pimpes within for me.
 Then tell me what those creatures are
 That would be thought both chaste and fair.

[“This song,” says Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, “is printed by Dryden in the third part of his *Miscellany Poems*, where it is called ‘A New Ballad’: which is certainly a mistake, the following copy being given from a MS. in the Harleian Collection (No. 3889) as old as Charles the First’s time.” See Ritson’s *Ancient Songs*.]

DISPRAISE OF LOVE AND LOVER’S FOLLIES.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

If love be life, I long to die,
 Live they that list for me :
 And he that gains the most thereby,
 A fool, at least shall be.
 But he that feels the sorest fits
 Scapes with no less than loss of wits :
 Unhappy life they gain,
 Which love do entertain.

In day by fained looks they live,
 By lying dreams by night,
 Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
 Each smile a false delight,
 If’t hap the lady pleasant seem,
 It is for others love they deem :
 If void she seem of joy,
 Disdain doth make her coy.

Such is the peabee that lovers find,
 Such is the life they lead ;
 Blown here and there with every wind,
 Like flowers in the mead.
 Now war, now peabee, now war again ;
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain :
 Though dead in midst of life ;
 In peabee, and yet at strife.

[Francis Davison was the son of the Secretary of that name to Queen Elizabeth, "who suffered," says Ritson, "so much through that princesses caprice and cruelty in the tragical affair of Mary Queen of Scots."]

PLEASURES, BEAUTY, YOUTH ATTEND YE.

JOHN FORD.

Born 1586.

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
 Whilst the spring of nature lasteth ;
 Love and melting thoughts [befriend] ye,
 Use the time, ere Winter hasteth.
 Aetive blood, and free delight,
 Plaee and privacy invite.
 Do, do ! be kind as fair,
 Lose not opportunity for air.

 She is cruel that denies it,
 Bounty best appears in granting,
 Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,
 Whilst the dues of love are wanting.
 Here's the sweet exehange of bliss,
 When eeah whisper proves a kiss.
 In the game are felt no pains,
 For in all the loser gains.

[From the "Ladie's Triall," 1639.]

A LOVE SONNET.

GEORGE WITHER.

Born 1588—Died 1667.

I lov'd a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queene ;
But foole as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister
Which past all others farre ;
She would me honey call—
She'd, oh—she'd kiss me too,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time to Medley
My love and I would go—
The boatmen there stood ready
My love and I to row ;
For cream there would we call,
For cakes, and for prunes too,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
 My love and I have had ;
 She was my only sweeting,
 She made my heart full glad ;
 The tears stood in her eyes,
 Like to the morning dew,
 But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked
 As lover's fashion is,
 Oft as we sweetly talked,
 The sun would steal a kiss ;
 The wind upon her lips
 Likewise most sweetly blew,
 But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
 Her skin as white as snow,
 When she was blythe and merry,
 She angel-like did show :
 Her waist exceeding small,
 The fives did fit her shoe,*
 But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter,
 She had her hearts desire,
 I still did scorn to stint her,
 From sugar, sack, or fire :

* This is understood to mean, that her shoes were made upon the last No. 5, being one of the *smallest* size.

The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walk'd home together
At midnight thro' the town,
To keep away the weather—
O'er her I'd cast my gown ;
No cold my love should feel,
What e'er the heavens eould do,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast,
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last ;
They're Judas kisses now,
Since that they prov'd untrue,
For now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maiden's vows and swearing,
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing—
But never them believe ;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue ;
For mine, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

'Twas I that paid for all things,
'Twas other drank the wine,
I cannot now recall things,
Live but a fool to pine :

'Twas I that beat the bush
 The bird to others flew,
 For she, alas ! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that Dame Nature,
 For this false lover's sake
 Another pleasing creature
 Like unto her would make,
 Let her remember this,
 To make the other true,
 For this, alas ! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raise me,
 No want makes me despair,
 No misery amaze me,
 Nor yet for want I care :
 I have lost a world itself,
 My earthly heaven, adieu !
 Since she, alas ! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

[Ritson by an ingenious construction supposes this pretty song to have been written in 1606, when its author was eighteen years of age ; but the learned antiquary's theory, Mr. Wilmott in his Lives of the Sacred Poets, justly laughs at. Mr. Ritson, sends Wither to College in 1604, (he went there in 1603) allows the poet that year to fall in love, the next "for the unfavourable return he experienced, and the third for the loss of his mistress," and concludes that the song "must have been written in 1606." [Ancient Songs, p. 206.] This reason is grounded upon the mention of Medley-house, "between Godstow and Oxford, very pleasantly situated just by the river, and a famous place for recreation in summer time," but Wither could have been there years after he left College ; the whole thing is likely enough a creation of Ritson's fancy. Warton without any authority has given this song to Taylor the Water-poet.]

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

GEORGE WITHER.

Shall I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ;
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposed Nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder than
The turtle dove or pelican :
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings* known
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may gain her name of Best ;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be.

* Ellis reads " merit's value."

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 Those that bear a noble mind
 Where they want of riches find,
 Think what with them they would do,
 That without them dare to woo :
 And unless that mind I see
 What care I how great she be.

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair :
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die, ere she shall grieve.
 If she slight me when I woo
 I can scorn and let her go :
 If she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

[From his "Mistresse of Philarete," 1622.]

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

GEORGE WITHER.

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
 Pish ! unclasp these wanton arms ;
 Sug'red words can ne'er deceive me,
 (Though thou prove a thousand charms).
 Fie, fie, forbear ;
 No common snare
 Can ever my affection chain :
 Thy painted baits,
 And poor deceits,
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such, as you be ;
 Neither shall that* snowy breast,
 Rolling eye, and lip of ruby
 Ever rob me of my rest :
 Go, go display
 Thy beauty's ray
 To some more-soon enamour'd swain :
 Those common† wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty ;
 Turn away thy tempting eye :
 Show not me a ‡ painted beauty ;
 These impostures I defy :
 My spirit loathes
 Where gawdy clothes
 And fained oaths may love obtain :
 I love her so,
 Whose look swears no ;
 That all your labours § will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every|| breast are worn ;
 That may pluck the virgin roses
 From their never-touched thorn ?
 I can go rest
 On her sweet breast
 That is the pride of Cynthia's train :
 Then stay thy tongue ;
 Thy, mermaid song
 Is all bestowed on me in vain.

Variations from an old copy printed by Ellis.

* Nor shall that soft. † forced. ‡ thy. § thy labour. || others.

He's a fool that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him :
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
 Whilst there's noble hills to clim' ?
 No, no, though clowns
 Are scar'd with frowns,
 I know the best can but disdain ;
 And those I'll prove
 So will thy love
 Be all bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
 Where each lustful lad may woo :
 Give me her whose sun-like beauty,
 Buzzards dare not soar unto :
 She, she it is
 Affords that bliss
 For which I would refuse no pain :
 But such as you,
 Fond fools, adieu !
 You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me then, you * Syren leave me ;
 Seek no more to work me harms :
 Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who† am proof against your charms :
 You labour may
 To lead astray
 The heart that constant shall remain :
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vain.

* Thou.

† I.

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

Oh ! what a plague* is love !
 I cannot † bear it ;
 She will unconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it ;
 It ‡ so torments my mind,
 That my heart § faileth ;
 She || wavers with the wind,
 As a ship ¶ saileth :
 Please her the best I may,
 She loves still to gainsay ; **
 Alack, and well-a-day !
 Phillida flouts me.

At the fair, th' other day, ††
 As she passed ‡‡ by me,
 She look'd another way,
 And would not spy me.
 I woo'd her for to dine
 But could not get her,
 Dick §§ had her to the Vinc,
 He might intreat her,
 With Daniel she did dance,
 On me she would not glance ;
 Oh ! thrice unhappy chance !
 Phillida flouts me.

Variations from an old copy printed by Ellis.

* Pain. † How shall I. ‡ She. § Strength.
 ¶ And. ¶ "that," inserted. ** Looks another way.
 †† Yesterday. ‡‡ She did pass. §§ Will.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me ;
 I am my mother's joy,
 Sweet, entertain me !
 I shall have,* when she dies,
 All things, that's † fitting ;
 Her poultry and her bees,
 And her goose‡ sitting ;
 A pair of mattress-beds,
 A barrel§ full of shreds,
 And yet for all these || goods,
 Phillida flouts me !

I often hear'd her say,
 That she lov'd posies ;
 In the last month of May
 I gave her roses ;
 Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet lily,
 I got to deek the bowers
 Of my dear Philly :
 She did them all disdain,
 And threw them back again ;
 Therefore, 'tis flat and plain,
 Phillida flouts me.

Thou shall eat curds and cream
 All the year lasting,
 And drink the crystal stream,
 Pleasant in tasting ;

* She'll give me.

§ A bag.

† That is.

|| This.

‡ Geese.

Swigg whey untill thou burst,
 Eat bramble-berries,
Pye-lid and pastry crust,
 Pears, plumbs and cherries ;
Thy garments shall be thin,
 Made of a weathers skin :
Yet, all's not worth a pin,
 Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
 She still torments me ;
And whatsoe'er I do,
 Nothing contents me ;
I fade and pine away,
 With grief and sorrow ;
I fall quite to decay,
 Like any shadow :
I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand year
And all because my dear
 Phillida flouts me.

Fair maidēn, have a care,
 And in time take me,
I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me :
There's Dol, the dairy-maid,
 Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton Winnifred
 Favours me greatly :
She throws milk on my cloaths,
 Th' other plays with my nose ;

What pretty toys* are those !
Phillida flouts me.

She has a cloth† of mine,
Wrought with blue‡ Coventry,
Which she keeps as a sign
Of my fidelity ;
But if she frowns on me,§
She ne'er shall || wear it ;
I'll give it my maid Joan,¶
And she shall tear it.**
Since 't will no better be,††
I'll bear it patiently ;
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

[This singular ballad is printed from Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, who has taken it from "The Theatre of Compliments, or New Academy, London, 1689." The variations given at the bottom of the pages are from an older copy in a poetical miscellany, called "Wit Restored, 1658," which Mr. Geo. Ellis followed. The order of the stanzas run thus :—

1. Oh ! what a pain is love—
2. All the fair yesterday—
3. Fair maid be not so coy—
4. She hath a clout of mine—
5. Thou shalt eat curds and cream—
6. Fair maidens have a care—

* Wanton signs. † Clout. ‡ Good.

§ I' faith if she flinch. || Shall not.

¶ To Tibb my t'other wench. ** I mean to bear it.

†† And yet it grieves my heart

So soon from her to part !

Death strikes me with his dart, &c.

The seventh and last stanza is not found in the text copy.

I cannot work and sleep
 All at a season ;
 Love wounds my heart so deep,
 Without all reason.
 I 'gin to pine away,
 With grief and sorrow,
 Like to a fatted beast
 Penn'd in a meadow,
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Witbin this thousand year,
 And all for very fear !
 Phillida flouts me.

[Isaak Walton alludes to the Song by name in his "Compleat Angler," published in 1653. Ritson justly supposes it much older than Walton's day. Phillida's answer is printed but its merits are neither original or many.]

A WORSHIPPER OF CRUELTY.

You may use common Shepherds so !
 My sighs at last to storms will grow,
 And blow such scorns upon thy pride
 Will blast all I have deified :
 You are not faire when love you lack
 Ingratitude makes all things black.

Oh do not for a flock of sheep,
 A golden shower whenas you sleep,
 Or for the tales ambition tells
 Forsake the house where honour dwells :
 In Damon's palae you'll ne'er shine
 So bright as in that bower of mine.

[From a MS. in the Harleian Library, No. 3511, written in the time of K. Charles the Second. See Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 260.]

WELCOME, WELCOME!

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Born 1590.

Welcome, weleome, do I sing,
Far more weleome than the spring ;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love that to the voice is near,
Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.

Weleome, wcleome, then I sing
Far more welcome than the spring ;
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summers sun.
Weleome, Weleome then I sing.

Love, that still may see your eheeks,
Wherc all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool, if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Weleome, weleome, then I sing.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields,
Never, never, shall be missing.
Welcome, welcome then I sing.

Love that question would anew,
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.

Welcome, welcome then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring,
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

[From a MS. copy of Browne's Poems in the Lansdowne Collection, printed lately by Sir Egerton Brydges. In 1772 Browne's Works were republished, but with little success, he deserves to be widely known, his Pastorals are the pastorals of nature.]

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Born 1591.

Gather ye rosebuds, while ye may ;
Old Time is still a flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer,
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not eoy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry ;
 For having lost but onree your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

[From "Hesperides, or the works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq. 1648." The idea is taken from Spenser—

Gather therefore the rose whilst yet in prime ;
 For soon comes age that will her pride deflower ;
 Gather the rose of love while yet is time,
 Whilst loving, thou may'st loved be with equal crime.

Faery Queene, Book 2, Canto 12, v. 75.

Mr. Campbell says this Song is " sweetly Anacreontic."]

TO ELECTRA.

ROBERT HERRICK.

'Tis Evening, my sweet,
 And dark ;—let us meet ;
 Long time w'ave here been a toying :
 And never, as yet—
 That season could get
 Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pity or shame,
 Then let not love's flame,
 Be ever and ever a spending ;
 Since now to the port
 The path is but short ;
 And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast,
Our hours do waste :
The while we never remember,
How soon our life, here,
Grow's old with the year,
That dies with the next December.

[From the "Hesperides," &c. p. 227, Ed. 1648.]

TO HIS MISTRESS.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Choose me your Valentine ;
Next let us marry :
Love to the death will pine
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,
Or vow ye never :
Love's doctrine disallows
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice
(Dear) to undo me ;
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

[From "Hesperides," p. 32, Ed. 1648.]

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that Cypress tree:
Or bid me die and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

[From "Hesperides," p. 122, Ed. 1648,* Herrick is highly lauded by Mr. Campbell in his Specimens of the Poets.]

* Where these well known lines are found, called :—

CHERRIE-RIPE.

Cherrie-Ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy:
If so be, you ask me where
They doe grow? I answer, There,
Where my *Julia's* lips doe smile;
There's the Land, of Cherry-Ile:
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where Cherries grow.

TELL ME NO MORE.

HENRY KING—BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

Born 1591—Died 1669.

Tell me no more how fair she is,
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence doat myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
 Nor will thy justice blame,
 So that thou wilt not envy me
 The glory of my flame ;
 Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
 In that it falls her sacrifice.

[The poems of King are terse and elegant, but, like those of most of his contemporaries, deficient in simplicity. GEO. ELLIS.]

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

ISAAK WALTON.

Born 1593—Died 1683.

I in these flow'ry meads would be :
 These crystal streams should solace me,
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
 I with my angle would rejoice,
 Sit here and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

Or on that bank feel the west wind
 Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
 To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
 And then wash'd off by April showers :
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song
 There see a blackbird feed her young.

Or a leverock build her nest ;
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,
 And raise my low pitch'd thoughts above
 Earth, or what poor mortals love :
 Thus free from law-suits and the noise
 Of Princes' Courts I would rejoice.

Or with my Bryan and a book
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
 There sit by him and eat my meat,
 There see the sun both rise and set :
 There bid good morning to next day,
 There meditate my time away :
 And angle on and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

[The song which honest Isaak wished to hear his Kenna sing, when loitering with his dog Bryan, he tells us was :—

Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure,
 I mean to spend my days of endless doubt,
 To wait such woes as time cannot recure
 Where none but love shall ever find me out.

&c. &c. &c.

It was no doubt a popular song in Walton's time, but it might now be sung with many other favourite old verses, without a single cry of "excellent good i' faith."]

KEEP ON YOUR MASK.

Keep on your mask and hide your eye,
 For with beholding you I die,
 Your fatal beauty, Gorgon like
 Dead with astonishment will strike,
 Your piercing eyes, if them I see
 Are worse than Basiliskes to me.

Shut from mine eyes those hills of snow,
 Their melting valley do not show,
 Those azure paths lead to despair,
 O vex me not ? forbear, forbear !
 For while I thus in torments dwell
 The sight of heaven is worse than hell.

Your dainty voice and warbling breath
 Sounds like a sentence past for death ;
 Your dangling tresses are become
 Like instruments of final doom
 O, if an angel torture so,
 When life is done where shall I go !

[From a MS. copy of Poems by William Browne, author of Britannia's Pastorals contained among the Lansdown papers. This song is found at the end of the volume among some pieces by Raleigh, Wotton and others. It has the signature Wm. Ste. It is also found in a little volume called Westminster Drollery, published in 1672, without any name.]

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

Born 1596—Died 1666.

The glories of our blood* and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays his icy hands on kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

* Perey reads " birth."

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

[This fine song is found in “The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, for the armour of Achilles,” 1659. Shirley’s Plays and Poems have been lately reprinted with notes by Mr. Gifford, and an account of his Life by Mr. Dyce. Dr. Percy gave to the last line, what Ritson calls one of his “brilliant touches,” by altering the word “their” to “the,” certainly an improvement.]

THE SHEPHERD’S HOLIDAY.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

Woodmen, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan’s great holiday,
Throw off cares,
With your heaven-aspiring airs
Help us to sing,
While valleys with your echoes ring.

Nymphs that dwell within these groves,
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,
Gather posies,
Crown your golden hair with roses ;
As you pass,
Foot like fairies on the grass.

Joy crown our bowers ! Philomel
Leave off Tereus' rape to tell.

Let trees dancee,
As they at Thracian lyre did onee :
Mountains play,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

[From "Love Tricks or the School of Complement," 1631.]

WHY DO YOU DWELL.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

Why do you dwell so long in clouds,
And smother your best graces ?
'Tis time to cast away those shrouds,
And clear your manly faces.

Or not behave yourselves like spics
Upon the ladies here ;
On even terms go meet their eyes,
Beauty and love shine there.

You tread dull measures thus alone,
Not satisfy delight ;
Go kiss their hands, and make your own
With every toueh more white.

[Found in Shirley's masque of "The Triumph of Peace," and sung while the masquers are in "their revels with the ladies."]

LOVE FLIES AWAY.

THOMAS MAY.

Born about 1596—Died 1652.

Dear, do not you fair beauty wrong,
In thinking still you are too young ;
The rose and lilies in your cheek
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek.

Your cherry lip, red, soft and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet ;
Then lose no time, for love has wings,
And flies away from aged things.

[From "The Old Couple," 1658. 4to.]

DISDAIN RETURNED.

THOMAS CAREW.

Born about 1600—Died about 1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
 My resolv'd heart to return ;
 I have search'd thy soul within,
 And find nought but pride, and scorn ;
 I have learn'd thy arts and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.
 Some power in my revenge eonvey,
 That love to her I cast away.

[From "Poemes by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the Privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his Majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." Carew is a very elegant writer—though not so much admired as he deserves. Mr. Campbell in his Specimens of the Poets after printing this very pretty song as Carew's—some hundred pages after strangely enough inserts it as an anonymous piece from "Lawes' Ayres and Dialogues, 1653." See Campbell's Specimens, vol. 3, p. 192, and lb. p. 404.]

ASK ME NO MORE.

THOMAS CAREW.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose :
 For in your beauties orient deep,
 These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither doe stray
 The golden atoms of the day :
 For in pure love Heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair..

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past :
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
 That downwards fall in dead of night :
 For in your eyes they sit and there
 Fixed, become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if East or West,
 The Phœnix builds her spicy nest :
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

[From Carew's Poems, third edition. 12mo. 1651.]

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

THOMAS CAREW.

Know Celia, (since thou art so proud,)
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown :
 Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties liv'd unknown,
 Had not my verse exhal'd thy name
 And with it impt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
 I gave it to thy voice and eys :
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;
 Then dart not, from thy borrow'd sphere,
 Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I unereate :
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
 Wise poets that wrapp'd truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

THOMAS CAREW.

Give me more love, or more disdain ;
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Brings equal easc unto my pain ;
 The temperate affords me none :
 Either extreme, of love, or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
 Like Danae in a golden shower
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture hopes ; and his possessed
 Of Heaven, that's but from hell releas'd :
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
 Give me more love or more disdain.

THE PROTESTATION.

THOMAS CAREW.

No more shall meads be deek'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;
Nor April violets paint the grove
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow,
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly :
The sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear ;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;
Nor joy alone in Heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove ;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

THE PRIMROSE.

THOMAS CAREW.

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year ;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears :
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
 Ask me why this stalk is weak,
 And bending yet it doth not break ;
 I must tell you these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

[This very pretty song of Carew's met the eye of Burns in an old collection—when he was gathering English songs for a proposed publication of Mr. George Thomson's. He writes :—“ For ‘ Todlin Hame,’ take the following old English song, which I dare say is but little known. I have altered it a little :—

THE PRIMROSE.

Dost ask me why I send thee here,
 This firstling of the infant year—
 Dost ask me what this Primrose shews
 Bepearl'd thus with morning dews.

I must whisper to thy ears
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears,—
 This lovely native of the dale
 Thou seest, how languid, pensive, pale.

Thou seest this bending stalk so weak
That each way yielding doth not break?
I must tell thee these reveal,
The doubts and fears that lovers feel."

[Burns' alteration is now printed for the first time.]

IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.

THOMAS CAREW.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem of roses fed,
Your breasts where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A bloomy pair of vermil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

Give me instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I could trust,
Yet never linked with error find.

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose.

My earthly comforter, whose love
So indefensible might be,
That when my spirit won above,
Her's could not stay for sympathy!

ON A GIRDLE.

EDMUND WALLER.

Born 1605—Died 1687.

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held my lovely dear :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Do all within this circle move.

A narrow compass and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair :
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

GO LOVELY ROSE.

EDMUND WALLER.

Go, lovely Rose !

Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knowsWhen I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,

And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth

Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she

The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[The following verse was added by Kirke White in a copy of
Waller's Poems :

Yet though thou fade
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;
And teach the maid
That goodness time's rude hand defies
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

TO CHLORIS.

EDMUND WALLER.

Chloris! farewell; I now must go;
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engaged by word and oath
A servant to another's will;
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake
May'st leave me with so just excuse?

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath to mend thy love.

No, Chloris! no : I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

WHILE I LISTEN TO THY VOICE.

EDMUND WALLER.

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay :
That powerful noise
Calls my flitting soul away.
Oh ! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace ! or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go ;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing and that they love.

THE SELF BANISHED.

EDMUND WALLER.

It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay :
But, to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every thing,
Whieh I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire ;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you ;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Born 1618—Died 1658.

When Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates ;
 When I lie tangl'd in her hair,
 And fetter'd to her eye,
 The “ birds ”* that wanton in the air,
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wines we steep ;
 When healths and draughts are free,—
 Fishes that tipple in the deep.
 Know no such liberty.

When like committed linnets, If
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king ;

* In the original it is “ gods,” Dr. Percy made the alteration ; in an old MS. copy of the Song since discovered by Dr. Bliss, it is also written “ birds.” See Wood’s Atb. Ox. by Bliss, Vol. III. col. 461.

† Percy changed this line to “ When linnet-like confined I,” which says Ellis, “ is more intelligible.”

When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,—
 Enlarged winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls, do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,—
 Angels, alone—that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

[Lovelace wrote this Song we are informed by Anthony Wood, when confined in the Gate House at Westminster, for presenting a petition “from the whole body of the County of Kent to the House of Commons, for restoring the King (Charles I.) to his rights.” For many years Lovelace was a very gay character, and through his wit and his handsomeness was in great favour with the ladies, going about glittering in gold and silver. He soon ran through his fortune, and died in poverty and want in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley near Shoe Lane. He lies buried in St. Bride’s Church. The general fault of his poetry is its want of simplicity. “The Song to Althea” says Mr. Southey “will live as long as the English language.”]

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
 That from the nunnerie
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
 To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I ehase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this ineonstancy is such,
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, deare, so mueh,
Lov'd I not honour more.

[“ Lovelace,” says Wood “ made his amours to a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune named Lucy Sacheverel, whom he usually called Lux casta ; but she upon a strong report that he was dead of his wound received at Dunkirk, (where he had brought a regiment for the service of the French King,) soon after married.” Wood’s *Athenæ Oxonienses* by Bliss, Vol. III. col. 462.]

THE SCRUTINIE.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Sinee thine I vow’d to be ?
Lady it is already morn,
And ’twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov’d thee mueh and long,
A tedious twelve hours space ?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace ;
Could I still dote upon thy Face.

Not, but all joy in thy browne haire,
 By others may be found ;
 But I must search the black and faire
 Like skillfull Minerallists that sound
 For treasure in un-plowed-up ground.

Then if when I have lov'd my round,
 Thou prov'st the pleasant she ;
 With spoyles of meaner Beauties crown'd,
 I laden will return to thee,
 Ev'n sated with Varietie.

[The following description of a beauty, from "Amyntor's Grove," a poem by the same author is full of true poetry.

Her breath like to the whispering wind
 Was calm as thought, sweet as her mind ;
 Her lips like coral gates kept in
 The perfume and the pearl within ;
 Her eyes a double flaming torch
 That always shine and never scorch ;
 Herself the Heaven in which did meet
 The *All* of bright, of fair and sweet.

As she walks " close by the lips of a clear stream,"
 ————— flowers bequeath
 At once the incense of their breath.

The head of the Poet prefixed to this volume is taken from a very fine painting preserved in Dulwich College.]

WHY SO PALE.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Born 1613—Died 1641.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why so mute.

Quit, quit, for shaine this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her—
The Devil take her.

[This Song is sung by Orsames in Suckling's "Aglaura." It contains says Orsames, "a little foolish counsel, I gave a friend of mine four or five years ago, when he was falling into a consumption."]

SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

I prythee send me baek my heart,
Since I cannot have thine :
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it, were in vain :
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Wou'd steal it baek again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
O Love, where is thy Sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever.

But Love is such a mystery
I eannot find it out :
For when I think I'm best resolv'd
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart—
As mueh as she has mine

[George Ellis tells us that “ the grace and elegance of Suckling's Songs and Ballads are inimitable.”]

TO CYNTHIA, ON CONCEALMENT OF HER BEAUTY.

SIR FRANCIS KINASTON.

Born about 1616.

Do not eoneeal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies ;
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to ehaos' endless night !

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy eurl'd hair ;
Lest finding neither gold nor ore,
The eurious silk-worm work no more !

Do not coneel those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Apennine ;
Lest, if there be like eold and frost,
The lily be for ever lost !

Do not eoneeal that fragrant seent,
Thy breath, whieh to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes ; lest, it being supprest,
No spiees grow in all the East !

Do not eoneeal thy heavenly voiee,
Whieh makes the hearts of Gods rejoiee ;
Lest, music hearing no such thing,
The nightingale forget to sing !

Do not eoneeal, nor yet eclipse,
Thy pearly teeth with eoral lips ;
Lest, that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee have all their worth !

Do not conceal no beauty, gracie
That's either in thy mind or face ;
Lest Virtue overcome by Vice
Make men believe no Paradise.

TO A COY LADY.

ALEXANDER BROME.

Born 1620—Died 1666.

I prithee leave this peevish fashion,
Dont desire to be high-priz'd,
Love's a princely noble passion,
And doth scorn to be despis'd.
Though we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,
For our fancy makes you so.

Dont be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do't only for our pleasure ;
And those parts in which you glory
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels or for queens, pray know
'Tis our own fancy makes you so.

Dont suppose your Majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic Natures be
Distinguished only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so !

THE MAD LOVER.

ALEXANDER BROME.

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink—
This many and many year ;
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt ;
And though I have struggled, and struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain ;
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets ;
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again :
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

[Brome is supposed to have written many Songs against the Rump Parliament.]

THE RESOLVE.

ALEXANDER BROME.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid ;

Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
That like an angel sings ;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she ;
The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses, outred their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain :
What fool is he that shadow seeks,
And may the substance gain !
Then if thou'l have me love a lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass—
That's with Canary lin'd.

TO HIS DEAREST BEAUTY.

THOMAS STANLEY.

Born about 1624—Died in 1678.

When, dearest beauty, thou shalt pay
Thy faith and my vain hope away
To some dull soul, that cannot know
The worth of that thou dost bestow ;

Lest with my sighs and tears I might
Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,
To some dark shade will I retire,
And there forgot by all, expire.

Thus, whilst the difference thou shalt prove
Betwixt a feign'd and real love,
Whilst he, more happy, but less true,
Shall reap those joys I did pursue,
And with those pleasures crowned be
By fate, which love design'd for me,
Then thou perhaps thy self will find
Cruel too long or too soon kind.

IN PRAISE OF LOVE AND WINE.

ROBERT HEATH.

Born about 1625.

Invest my head with fragrant rose,
That on fair Flora's bosom grows !
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse !
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie ;
Whose snow if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short, and winged pleasures fly ;
 Who mourning live, do living die.
 On down and floods then, swan-like, I
 Will stretch my limbs, and singing die.
 'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
 Inspires our youth with flames divine.

[From "Clarastella," a collection of Poems in one volume. 12mo.
 1650.]

POOR CHLORIS WEPT.

Poor Chloris wept, and from her eyes
 The liquid tears ran trickling down ;
 (Such melting drops might well suffice
 To pay a ransom for a crown)
 And as she wept, she sighing said,
 " Alas for me, unhappy maid
 That by my folly am betray'd ! "

But when those eyes (unhappy eyes !)
 Met with the object of my woe,
 Methought our souls did sympathize,
 And it was death to hear a no.
 He woo'd ; I granted, then befell
 My shame, which I do shame to tell :—
 O that I had not lov'd so well !

And had I been so wise as not
 T'have yielded up my virgin fort ;
 My name had been without a blot,
 And thwarted th' envy of report.

But now my shame hath made me be
A butt for time to point at me,
And but a mark of misery.

But now in sorrow must I sit,
And pensive thoughts possess my breast ;
My silly soul with cares is split,
And grief denies me wonted rest.

Come then, black night, and screen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unless in tears of sorrow drown'd !

[“ From ‘ The British Miscellany,’ where it is stated to be copied from an ancient MS.” Geo. Ellis. I find it in a little collection called Westminster Drollery, published in 1671, p. 68.]

D U L C I N A.

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.
But from her look
A wound he took
So deep, that for a farther boon,
The nymph he prays ;
Whereto she says,
“ Forego me now, come to me soon.”

But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go ;

When lips invite,
 And eyes delight,
 And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,
 Persuade delay,
 What boots to say,
 “ Forego me now come to me soon.”

He demands, what time for pleasure
 Can there be more fit than now?
 She says—night gives love that leisure,
 Which the day doth not allow.
 He says the sight,
 Improves delight ;
 Which she denies ; “ nights murky noon
 In Venus’ plays
 Makes bold,” she says,
 “ Forego me now come to me soon.”

But what promise, or profession,
 From his hands could purchase seope ?
 Who would sell the sweet possession
 Of such beauty for a hope ?
 Or for the sight
 Of lingering night,
 Forego the present joys of noon ?
 Tho’ ne’er so fair
 Her speeches were,
 “ Forego me now, come to me soon ? ”

How at last agreed these lovers ?
 She was fair, and he was young :
 The tongue may tell what th’ eye discovers,
 Joys unseen are never sung.

Did she consent
Or he relent?
Accepts he night, or grants she noon?
Left he her a maid,
Or not! she said,
“Forego me now, come to me soon.”

[This whimsical but beautiful song, is given somewhat out of its place—belonging as it does to an earlier period. Cayley has printed it as the composition of Raleigh, but Sir Walter's right to it is very questionable. Walton mentions it in the Angler, and Percy allowed it a niche in the Reliques of English Poetry. The Bishop remarks that “it is more ancient than the ballad of Robin Goodfellow.”]

LOVE IN FANTASTIC TRIUMPH SAT.

APHRA BEHN.

Born about 1630—Died 1689.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he shew'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires,
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty,
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee.

Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
 And set him up a deity ;
 But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
 Whilst thine the victor is and free.

[Mrs. Aphra Behn was a dramatic writer of Charles the Second's day, but her plays are full of the licentiousness of the age, which happily soon after the pen of Jeremy Collier somewhat abated. Even Dryden, who was he observes himself " too much of a libertine in his poems," complains in a letter to Mrs. Thomas (the Corinna of Curril), that Mrs. Behn's plays were full of loose writing, and brought scandal on the modesty of her sex. This is one of her best songs ; according to Mr. Dyce, " had it proceeded from the pen of Moore, it would have been admired in the present day." It appears in " *Abdelazar, or the Moor's Revenge.*"]

MIRTILLO.

CHARLES COTTON.

Born 1630—Died 1687.

Ask not, why sorrow shades my brow ;
 Nor why my sprightly looks decay ?
 Alas ! what need I beauty now,
 Sinee he, that lov'd it, died to day.

Can ye have ears, and yet not know
 Mirtillo, brave Mirtillo's slain ?
 Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,
 Or hearts that do not share my pain ?

He's gone, he's gone ! and I will go ;
 For in my breast such wars I have,
 And thoughts of him perplex me so
 That the whole world appears my grave.

But I'll go to him, though he lie
Wrapt in the eold, cold arms of death :
And under yon sad cypress tree,
I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF TOWN
IN THE SPRING.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born 1631—Died 1701.

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear ;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year :
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the eruel fair ;
She east not back a pityng eye :
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die :
Ah, how ean those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure.

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that ean all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And echange the laws of every land ?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her merey more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall ;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Happy and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest ;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

Till you descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains ;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country arms :
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, oh ! there's the spell,
Who can see them, and not rebel ?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

[This song is a compliment to the Duchess of Portsmouth, on her first coming to England.]

SONG IN THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phillis is still in my mind ;
When angry I mean not to Phillis to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find :
Unknown to myself I am just at her door,
And, when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
 Than Phillis too fair and unkind.

When Phillis I see, my heart bounds in my breast,
And the love I would stifle is shown ;
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from my eyes Phillis is gone.
Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad mind :
But, alas ! when I wake, and no Phillis I find,
 How I sigh to myself all alone.

Should a king be my rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain :
O, let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my Phillis again !
Let Phillis be mine, and but ever be kind,
I could to a desert with her be confined,
 And envy no monarch his reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my love,
 And she too well knows her own power,
She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour :
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phillis, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her power.

TO MATILDA ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR
MARRIAGE.

JOHN DRYDEN.

When first, in all thy youthful charms,
And dazzling beauty's pride,
Heightened by infant Love's alarms
The nuptial knot was tied,
Which gave thee to my longing arms
A blooming, blushing bride.

Entranceed in Hymen's blissful bowers,
We hail'd each rising sun,
While wing'd with joys the rosy hours
In ecstasy flew on ;
And still we blest the heavenly powers,
Who join'd our hearts in one.

Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
Time steals our years away,
Thy mildly beaming virtues spread
Soft influence o'er life's way ;
Insuring to our peaceful shed
Love's bliss without decay.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.

JOHN DRYDEN.

On a bank, beside a willow
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone ;
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing thus she made her moan :
 Hope is banished
 Joys are vanished,
 Damon, my beloved, is gone !

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover ;
 Oh, so true, so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature ;
 Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting kisses,
 Murmuring blisses ;
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embracees to restore :
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before.
 Death come end me,
 To befriend me ;
Love and Damon are no more.

CHLOE FOUND AMYNTAS LYING.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I to love in vain !
Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once and easc my pain.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I to love in vain !
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain.
Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once and ease my pain.

Ever scorning and denying
To reward your faithful swain,—
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain.
Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once and case my pain.

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd she kiss'd again :
Kiss'd him up before his dying ;
Kiss'd him up and cas'd his pain.

JEALOUSY, TYRANT OF THE MIND.

JOHN DRYDEN.

What state of life can be so blest,
As love that warms the Lover's breast ;
Two souls in one ; the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require ?

But if in heaven a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousy !

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy.
Thou tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love :
In absenee, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lovers pain :

But, oh, no cure but death we find
To set us free,
From Jealousy,
O Jealousy !

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy.
Thou tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objeets are,
Some set too near, and some too far :
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.

All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousy !

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy.
Thou tyrant of the mind.

[Inserted by Dryden in his *Tragi-comedy of Love Triumphant*. The idea is probably taken from Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 197, see the lines beginning :—

O jealousie that art
The canker of the heart.

Percy gave this Song the advantage of his poetical genius; whatever the Dr. touched he generally improved.]

YE HAPPY SWAINS.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

Born 1636—Died 1688.

Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free
From Love's imperial chain,
Take warning, and be taught by me,
T' avoid th' enchanting pain.
Fatal, the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms, prove,
To careless seamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex if bliss you prize;
The snake's beneath the flow'r:
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,
That tasted quiet more?
How faithless is the lovers joy!
How constant is their care!
The kind with falsehood do destroy,
The cruel with despair.

SEE HOW FAIR CORINNA LIES.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

See, how fair Corinna lies,
Kindly calling with her eyes :
In the tender minute prove her ;
Shepherd ! why so dull a lover
Prithee, why so dull a lover.

In her blushes see your shame,—
Anger they with love proclaim ;
You too coldly entertain her :
Lay your pipe a little by ;
If no other charms you try,
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,
Court her, you may get a kiss,
May be, favours that are greater :
Leave your piping to her fly ;
When the nymph for love is nigh,
Is it with a tune you treat her ?

Dull Amintor ! fie, Oh ! fie :
Now your Shepherdess is nigh
Can you pass your time no better.

[In Southern's "Disappointment, or the Mother in Fashion."]

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SUNG FINELY, AND WAS
AFRAID OF A COLD.

LORD ROSCOMMON.

Died 1684.

Winter, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempests swell the sea,
In vain let sinking pilots pray ;
Bencath thy yoke let nature bend,
Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
Through woods and fields destruction sow !

Yet we unwoo'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear ; but gentle Fate,
And thou, bless'd genius of our isle,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the listening Gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
With ecstacy transport our souls,
Whilst all our passion it controuls,
And kindly drives our cares away ;
Let no ungentle cold destroy
All taste we have of heavenly joy !

[The Life of the Earl of Roscommon has been written with great elegance by Dr. Johnson. He was born in Ireland during the lieutenancy of his Uncle and Godfather Lord Strafford.]

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

LORD DORSET.

Born 1637—Died 1706.

To all you Ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write ;
The muses, now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides wil higher rise
Than e'er they did of old :

But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story ;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree :
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be ye to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote ;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress ;
When we, for hopes of honour, lose
Our certain happiness :
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears ;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears,
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

[This Song "written at sea, in the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an Engagement," is the composition of Charles, Sixth Earl of Dorset, according to Horace Walpole, "the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II." Dr. Johnson heard from Lord Orrery that "he had been a week about it and only retouched it or finished it on the memorable Evening." See Johnson's Life of Dorset. "The grace of courts, the Muses pride."]

LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

A NEW PLAY-SONG.

I never saw her face till now,
That eould my faney move,
I liked, and ventur'd many a vow,
But durst not think of love,
Till beauty charming every sense,
An easy eonquest made,
And show'd the vainness of defenee
When Phillis doth invade.

But ah, her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inspire,
And while in ice that frozen lies,
Her eyes dart only fire.
Between extremes I am undone,
Like plants to northward set,
Burnt by two violent a sun,
Or cold for want of heat.

Twixt hope and fear I tortur'd am,
And vainly wish for ease,
The more I struggle with my flame ;
The more it doth increase.
I woo'd and woo'd to be releas'd
From these soft chains I made,
But if I strive I'm more opprest
When Phillis does invade.

O cruel love why dost thou deign
To wound me with such smart,
And not an equal shaft retain
To melt her frozen heart.

Or does she struggle with the flame
Victorious to be said!
For if she does, my hopes are vain
Though Phillis does invade.

[From Evans' Old Ballads, 4 vols. 8vo. 1810, who copied it from "a royal Garland of New Songs, 12mo. black letter, in the Pepys' Collection." See vol. 4, p. 353. Ritson's Editor and Ritson himself give merely the two first verses and attribute it to Southern! See his Play the "Disappointment or Mother in Fashion," where Southern himself says that it was written by the Hon'ble Colonel Sackville.]

A FAREWELL TO LOVE.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Born 1639—Died 1701.

Once more Loves mighty charms are broke,
His strength and cunning I defy;
Once more I have thrown off his yoke,
And am a man, and do despise the boy.

Thanks to her pride, and her disdain,
And all the follies of a scornful mind:
I'd ne'er possessed my heart again.
If fair Miranda had been kind.

Welcome, fond wanderer, as ease,
And plenty to a wretch in pain,
That worn with want and a disease,
Enjoys his health, and all his friends again.

Let others waste their time and youth,
Watch and look pale, to gain a peevish maid,
And learn too late this dear-bought truth,
At length they're sure to be betray'd.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Ah Chloris! that I now could sit*

As unconcern'd, as when

Your infant beauty could beget

No pleasure, nor no pain.†

When I the dawn used to admire,‡

And prais'd the coming day;

I little thought the growing§ fire

Must|| take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,

Like metals in the mine,

Age from no face took more away,

Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly

To their perfection prest,

Fond¶ Love as unperceiv'd did fly,

And in my bosom rest.**

My passion with your beauty grew,

And †† Cupid at my heart,

Still as his mother favour'd you,

Threw a new flaming dart.

Variations in the common copies.

* " Could I now but sit."

† No happiness nor pain. ‡ The dawning did admire.

§ Rising.

|| Would.

¶ So.

** And center'd in my breast.

†† While.

Each gloried in their wanton part,
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What Fortune they must see.

[From "the Mulberry Garden, a Comedy written by the Honourable Sir Charles Sidley," 4to. 1668. This Song is commonly printed as the production of "the Right Honourable Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, and composed in 1710." See Motherwell's Ancient Minstrelsy, p. 65; and another Editor adds that these "tender and pathetic stanzas were addressed to Miss Mary Rose, the elegant accomplished daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kilravock, whom he afterwards married!" Ritson commences his Collection of English Songs with Sedley's verses, both Ritson and Park were ignorant of their Author, and Mr. Chambers, in his Scottish Songs, starts with it as a genuine production of old Scotland! In Johnson's Musical Museum it is directed to be sung to the tune of Gilderoy. The two last verses are not in the other versions. Forbes was born in 1685, seventeen years after the appearance of Sedley's comedy.]

TO CELIA.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have :
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
 In thy dear self I find ;
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
 And still make love anew ?
 When change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true !

TO THYRSIS.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Thyrsis, unjustly you complain,
 And tax my tender heart
 With want of pity for your pain,
 Or sense of your desert.

By secret and mysterious springs,
 Alas ! our passions move ;
 We women are fantastic things,
 That like before we love.

You may be handsome and have wit,
 Be secret and well bred,
 The person loved must be as fit,
 He only can succeed.

Some die, yet never are believed;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping ourselves to be deceived,
And proved to be undone.

COME CHLORIS.

Come, Chloris, hie we to the bower,
To sport us ere the day be done!
Such is thy power that every flower
Will ope to thee as to the sun.

And if a flower but chance to die
With my sighs blast or minc eyes rain,
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton, suckling, and the vine,
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green arms encircle thine,
To keep the burning sun away.

[From "The Academy of Compliments," 1671.]

CONSTANCY.

JOHN WILMOT, LORD ROCHESTER.

Born 1648—Died 1680.

I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn :
Since that poor swain who sighs for you
For you alone was born.

No, Phillis, no, your heart to move,
 A surer way I'll try :
 And to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on and die.

When killed with grief, Amyntas lies ;
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall :
 That welcome hour that ends this smart,
 Will then begin your pain ;
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break in vain.

[The Songs of the celebrated Lord Rochester, are his only writings free from indecency. Horace Walpole happily characterised his verse as having “ much more obscenity than wit, more wit than poetry, more poetry than politeness.”]

AN IMITATION OF CORNELIUS GALLUS.

JOHN WILMOT, LORD ROCHESTER.

My Goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
 As lilies sweet, as soft as air ;
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O let me gaze on those bright eyes,
 Though sacred lightning from them flies :
 Show me that soft, that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival Jove in bliss ;
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
Thou art all over endless charms ;
O ! take me, dying, to thy arms.

FROM ANACREON.

JOHN WILMOT, LORD ROCHESTER.

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old ;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts in the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do ;
I'm none of those that took Maestrich,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars or constellations ;
 For I am no Sir Sydophel,
 Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
 Then add two lovely boys ;
 Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
 May drink and love still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

WHILST ON THOSE LOVELY LOOKS I GAZE.

JOHN WILMOT, LORD ROCHESTER.

Whilst on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a blest amaze,
 His pleasing happy ruin ;
 'Tis not for pity that I move ;
 His fate is too aspiring,
 Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
 Your slave from death removing,
 Let me your art of charming know,
 Or learn you mine of loving.

But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

FROM ALL UNEASY PASSIONS FREE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Born about 1650—Died 1721

From all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy ;
Contented I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest.
Yet that dull life I now despise :
 Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires ;
Which beauty moves, and love inspires
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
 Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Come, let us now resolve at last
 To live and love in quiet ;
 We'll tie the knot so very fast,
 That time shall ne'er untie it

The truest joys they seldom prove,
 Who free from quarrels live ;
 'Tis the most tender part of love,
 Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
 No pleasure, nor no rest ;
 And when I feign'd an angry look,
 Alas ! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
 How blest will be our fate ;
 Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
 Sure never is too late.

SONG IN "THE ORPHAN."

THOMAS OTWAY.

Born 1651—Died 1685.

Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled
 By cruel beauty's pride,
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide ;

But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love ;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrow knew ;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew ;
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as heav'n whose stamp she bears,
Think on my fate and shun her snares.

SONG AFTER A WEDDING.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

Born 1660—Died 1746.

The danger is over, the battle is past,
The nymph had her fears but she ventur'd at last ;
She try'd the encounter, and when it was done,
She smil'd at her folly, and own'd she had won.
By her eyes we discover the bride has pleas'd,
Her blushes become her, her passion is eas'd ;
She dissembles her joy and affects to look down ;
If she sighs,—'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you virgins, both aged and young,
All you, who have carried that burden too long,
Who have lost precious time, and you who are losing
Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing,

Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind ;
You'll find yourselves happy when once you are kind.
Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run
You'll feel the loss little and much to be won.

[In the Fatal Marriage, &c.]

A LASS THERE LIVES UPON THE GREEN.

A lass there lives upon the green
Could I her picture draw ;
A brighter nymph was never seen,
That looks and reigns a little queen,
And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's dart and wings,
Her eyebrows are his bow ;
Her silken hair the silver strings
Which sure and swift destruction brings
To all the vale below.

If Pastorella's dawning light
Can warm, and wound us so :
Her noon will shine so piercing bright,
Each glancing beam will kill outright
And every swain subdue.

[In Southerne's "Oroonoko," 1699, said there to be written by Sir Harry Sheers.]

C Y N T H I A.

Bright Cynthia's power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thousand Cupids on her wait
And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets, as best can entertain
The guest of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings ;
Her breath gives balmy blisses :
I hear an angel when she sings,
And taste of Heaven in kisses.

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From Nature's richest treasure :
Let me the other sense employ
And I shall die with pleasure.

[In Southerne's "Oroonoko."]

IN VAIN YOU TELL.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Born 1664—Died 1721.

In vain you tell your parting lover—
 You wish fair winds may waft him over :
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love ?
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose,
 That, thrown again upon the coast
 Where first my ship-wreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain ;
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

IF WINE AND MUSIC HAVE THE POWER.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

If wine and music have the power
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phœbus every string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl :
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Chloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure to destroy
 The sorrows of this live long night.

But she to-morrow will return :

Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;
Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own,
Thy darling Love shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

AMYNTA.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Let perjur'd, fair Amynta know
What for her sake I undergo ;
Tell her, for her how I sustain
A lingering fever's wasting pain ;
Tell her the torments I endure,
Which only, only she can cure.

But, oh ! she scorns to hear or see
The wretch that lies so low as me ;
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas ! in vain !
For ne'er 'twas found (though often tried)
That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

N E L L Y.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Whilst others proelaim
This nymph or that swain,
Dearest Nelly, the lovely I'll sing ;
She shall graee every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Whieh lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night ;
Her complexion divinely is fair ;
Her lips red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And blaek as a eoal is her hair.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does diselose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss ;
Like ivory enehased,
Her teeth are well plaeed ;
An exquisite beauty she is.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The graees play all round about her ;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

T H E G A R L A N D.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymphs vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She changed her look and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous check.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, (said I) explain
This change of humour ; prythee tell,
That falling tear, what does it mean ?

She sigh'd, she smil'd—and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder what a change is made !

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May
 And that of beauty are but one ;
 At morn both flourish, bright and gay,
 Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
 The amorous youth around her bow'd,
 At night her fatal knell was rung ;
 I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is who died to-day,
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow ;
 Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

I SMILE AT LOVE, AND ALL HIS ARTS.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Born 1666—Died 1726.

“ I smile at Love, and all his arts,”
 The charming Cynthia cried,—
 “ Take heed for Love has piercing darts,”
 A wounded swain replied.
 “ Once free and blest as you are now,
 I trifled with his charms,
 I pointed at his little bow,
 And sported with his arms :

'Till urg'd too far—'Revenge,' he cries !

A fatal shaft he drew,

Which took its passage thro' your eyes,

And to my heart it flew :

To tear it thence I tried in vain,

To strive, I quickly found,

Was only to increase the pain,

And mortify the wound ;

Too well, alas ! I fear, you know

What anguish I endure,

Since what your eyes alone could do,

Your heart alone can cure."

[The composition of the well-known author of "The Relapse," and "The Provoked Wife," and the architect of Castle Howard and Blenheim. He has been satirized by Swift, and praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds. See his Life in the British Architects by Allan Cunningham.]

A TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Born [1671]—Died 1749.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile !

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport lost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost :

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
Ran quiek through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung :

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

BELVIDERA.

AMRROSE PHILIPS.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying ;
The cold regardless maid to move
With unavailing pray'rs I sue ;
You first have taught me how to love,
Ah ! teach me to be happy too !

But she, alas ! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern,
Her lover's fondness to improve ;
If to be happy you should learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

ZELINDA.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Why we love and why we hate
Is not granted us to know,
Random chance, or wilful fate—
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madness 'tis in me to grieve,
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries :
Ask me not the reason why ?
Seek the riddle in the skies.

FALSE THOUGH SHE BE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Born 1672—Died 1729.

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last ;
And though the present I regret
I'm grateful for the past.

S A B I N A.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

See, see she wakes, Sabina wakes !
 And now the sun begins to rise ;
 Less glorious is the morn that breaks
 From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united Day they give,
 But different fates ere night fulfill ;
 How many by his warmth will live !
 How many will her coldness kill.

T H E S E R E N A D E.

TOM D'URFEY.

Died 1723.

The larks awake the drowsy morn,
 My dearest lovely Chloe rise,
 And with thy dazzling rays adorn,
 The ample world and azure skies ;
 Each eye of thine outshines the sun,
 Tho' deck'd in all his light ;
 As much as he excels the moon,
 Or each small twinkling star at noon,
 Or meteor of the night.

Look down and see your beauty's power,
 See, see the heart in which you reign ;
 No conquer'd slave in triumph bore,
 Did ever wear so strong a chain :

Feed me with smiles that I may live,
 I'll ne'er wish to be free ;
 Nor even hope for kind reprise
 Or Love's grateful bondage leave
 For immortality.

[From "the Injured Princess, or the Fatal Wager," 4to. 1682. D'Urfe lies buried in the church-yard of St. James' Piccadilly; a tablet in the wall facing Jermyn Street bears this inscription in large letters.

TOM D'URFEY
 DYED FEB^{RY} y^e 26th 1723.

LOVE'S REVENGE.

The world was hush'd, and nature lay
 Lull'd in a soft repose,
 As I in tears reflecting lay
 On Chloë's faithless vows :
 The god of love all gay appear'd
 To heal my wounded heart ;
 New pangs of joy my soul endear'd
 And pleasure charm'd each part :
 " Fond man," said he, " here end thy woe
 Till they my power and justice know,
 The foolish sex will all do so."

" But for thy case believe no bliss
 Is perfect without pain ;
 The fairest summer hurtful is
 Without some showers of rain :
 The joys of Heav'n who would prize
 If men too cheaply bought :
 The dearest part of mortal joys,
 Most charming is when sought :

And though with dross true love they pay,
 Those that know finest metal say,
 No gold will coin without allay.

But that the generous lover may,
 Not always sigh in vain ;
 The cruel nymph that kills to-day
 To-morrow shall be slain.”
 The little god no sooner spoke,
 But from my sight he flew ;
 And I that groan’d with Chloe’s yoke
 Found Love’s revenge was true :
 Her proud hard heart too late did turn
 With fiercer flames than mine did burn,
 Whilst I as much began to scorn.

[From D’Urfey’s “Pills to Purge Melancholy,” vol. 2, p. 305.]

MUSIDORA.

Opening buds began to shew,
 The beauty of their vernal treasure,
 Spring had routed frost and snow,
 Obeying Flora’s pleasure :
 Damon by a river’s side,
 Whose silver streams did gently glide,
 Compar’d his blessings to the tide,
 That flow’d beyond all measure.

Musidora fair and young,
 With panting rapture still alarms me,
 Motion, shape, or charming tongue,
 All raise a flame that warms me :

Eyes excelling Titan's ray,
 But when she's most divinely gay
 And kindly deigns to sing and play,
 Oh Venus how she charms me.

Sylvia, dearest of all dears,
 Charm'd by nature to content ye,
 In her face the figures wears
 Of Pleasure, Joy, and Plenty :
 Kindling hopes, and doubts and fears,—
 The young enchants, the old she cheers,
 So well she makes dull seventy years
 Grow brisk as five-and-twenty.

[From D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. 1, p. 121, he calls it "a New Song, the words made to a pretty Scotch air."]

FOR WINE, PURE WINE.

Let soldiers fight for prey or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore fill us the cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear ;
 We have the native red and white :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls,
 Therefore fill us the cheering bowls.

It makes the backward spirit brave,
 That lively which before was dull ;
 Opens the heart that loves to save,
 And kindness flows from cups brimfull :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls,
 Therefore fill us the cheering bowls.

Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife and some a punk,
 Some men want wit and others wealth ;
 But they want nothing that are drunk :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore give us the cheering bowls.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany. Tom D'Urfey gives it to Ben Jonson, without stating a reason for so doing. Ritson and Park suppose it to be the composition of Ben Johnson, D'Urfey's contemporary; but I find it not in Johnson's Poems printed 1672. Ritson gives additional verses in praise of Westphalia hams which are here omitted.]

B A C C H U S.

While the lover is thinking,
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight ;
 While the fool is designing
 His fatal confining,
 With Bacchus I'll spend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
 Without madness or folly,
 Fickle woman to marry implore ;
 Leave my bottle and friend,
 For so foolish an end !
 When I do may I never drink more.

[From the Tea Table Miscellany.]

IN PRAISE OF DRINK.

Jolly mortals, fill your glasses ;
Noble deeds are done by wine ;
Seorn the nymph and all her graces :
Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon the bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when just going,
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking ;
Drank about at eounceil board ;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

C L A R O N A.

Why does the morn in blushes rise
And all its charms display ?—
For my Claron'a's glancing eycs,
Outshine the brightest ray :
'Tis true, 'tis true, she's far more bright,
Dim taper god be gone,
And hide thy baffled beams in light,
Let her rule day alone.

If anchorite-like full twenty years
On earth's cold bed I'd lain,
And woo'd the gods with fasts and prayers
Cclestial crowns to gain :

Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I pursue
The endless search of joys above,
But find out Heav'n in you.

D O R I N D A.

Her eyes are like the morning bright,
Her cheeks like roses fair,
Her breasts like water'd lilies white,
Like silk her flowing hair.

Her breath's as sweet as odours blown
By Zephyrus on the vales ;
Her skin as fine and soft as down,
Her voice like nightingales.

Where'er she breathes, where'er she sings
How happy are the groves ;
How blest ! how much more blest than kings,
The Shepherd that she loves.

With gentle steps let's beat the ground,
In gladsome couples join'd ;
For joy that your Dorinda's found
And every lover kind.

TO CHARMING CELIA'S ARMS I FLEW.

TOM BROWN.

Died 1704.

With alterations and additions by Burns.

To charming Celia's arms I flew
 And there all night I feasted,
 No god such transport ever knew,
 Or mortal ever tasted.*

Lost in sweet tumultuous joy
 And bless'd† beyond expressing,
 How can your slave, my fair, said I,
 Reward so great a blessing?

The whole creation's wealth survey,
 O'er ‡ both the Indies wander,
 Ask what brib'd senates give away
 And fighting monarchs squander.

The richest spoils of earth and air,
 The rifled ocean's treasure,
 Tis all too poor a bribe by far,
 To purchase so much pleasure.§

* Burns made the first verse thus:—

The other night with all her charms
 My ardent passion crowning,
 Fair Celia sunk within my arms
 An equal transport owning.

† Pleas'd. ‡ Thro'. § Unequal to my pleasure.

[Humility's a heavenly grace,
 And Diffidence her sister ;
 And Modesty's sweet maiden face—
 What mortal can resist her.]

She blushing cried,—my Life my dear
 Since Celia thus you fancy,
 Give her—but tis too much I fear
 A rundlet of right Nantzy.

[These alterations and additions of Burns' are taken from part of a letter of his to George Thomson, which is still unpublished. The verse given in a bracket is wholly Burns' and is very characteristic of him. "The Song," the poet writes, "will suit very well to the tune of 'Nancy's to the Greenwood gone,' you must not expect all your English Songs to have superlative merit, 'tis enough if they are passable!" Brown's works are full of shrewdness and conceit but his little talent was thrown away on indecency. He lies buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.]

LIKE MAY IN ALL HER YOUTHFUL DRESS.

Like May in all her youthful dress,
 My love in sweets did once appear,
 A spring of charms dwelt on her face,
 And roses did inhabit there.
 Thus while th' enjoyment was but young,
 Each night new pleasures did create,
 Harmonious words dropp'd from her tongue,
 And Cupid on her forehead sate.

But as the sun to west declines,
 The eastern sky does colder grow ;
 And all its blushing looks resigns
 To Luna's silver beams below :

While Love was eager, brisk and warm
My Chloe then was kind and gay ;
But when through time I ceas'd to charm
Her smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

ON YOUNG OLINDA.

When innocence, and beauty meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
Ah, how beyond expression sweet
Is every feature of the face.

By Virtue, ripened from the bud
The flower angelic odours breeds,
The fragrant charms of being good
Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.

O sacred virtue, tune my voice,
With thy inspiring harmony ;
Then I shall sing of raptur'd joys
And fill my soul with love of thee.

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
When this vain shadow flies away,
Th' eternal beauties of the mind
Will last, when all things else decay.

AS I WALK'D FORTH ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

As I walk'd forth one summer's day,
To view the meadows green and gay—
A cool-retreating bower I spied—
That flourished near the river's side—
Where oft in tears a maid would cry—
Did ever maiden love as, I.

Then o'er the grassy fields she'd walk—
And nipping flowers low by the stalk,
Such flowers as in the meadow grew—
The deadman's thumb—and harebell blue—
And as she pull'd them, still cried she—
Alas none ever lov'd like me.

Such flowers as gave the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty bents,
And as she bound them up in bands—
She sigh'd and wept and wrung her hands ;
Alas, alas ! still sobbed she,
Alas ! none ever lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her apron full,
Of all the flowers that she could cull—
The tender leaves serv'd for a bed—
The scented flowers to rest her head—
Then down she laid—nor sigh'd nor spake—
With love her gentle heart did break.

WINIFREDA.

Away ; let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda move your care ;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood ;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke :
And all the great ones they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess ;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give ;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung ;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

[“ This beautiful address to conjugal love,” says Dr. Percy, “ a subject too much neglected by the libertine Muses, was I believe first printed in a volume of ‘ *Miscellaneous Poems*, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis, 1726, 8vo.’ It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation ‘ from the ancient British language.’”]

It has been printed with the name of Gilbert Cooper attached to it, and is given in the Edition of his Poems published under the care of Mr. Davenport. The poem appeared as Percy says in 1726, when Cooper was in his mother’s arms, being born in 1723!

Since the above was written, the Editor has met with a volume of “ *Letters concerning taste*,” by Gilbert Cooper, published in 1755, but without his name. In the sixteenth letter addressed to Leonora, he says he had an intention of sending her an Epithalamium on her wedding day, “ I shall,” he adds, “ take the liberty to send you without any apology an old Song, wrote above a hundred years ago, upon a similar occasion, by the happy bridegroom himself. And tho’ this old Song has been so little heard of, and as yet introduced into no modern Collection, I dare venture to pronounce there is in it more genuine poetry, easy turn of thought, elegance of diction, delicacy of sentiment, tenderness of heart, and natural taste for happiness, than in all the compositions of this sort, I ever read in any language.” Then follows the Song of Winifreda, with a few verbal alterations.

Dr. Aikin in his “ *Vocal Poetry*,” p. 152, says, “ this pleasing delineation of conjugal and domestic felicity was first given by the Author (Gilbert Cooper) as ‘ from the *Ancient British*.’ Although this title was manifestly only a poetic fiction, or rather a stroke of satire. Dr. Percy was strangely induced by it to insert the piece among his “ *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. ”

The Song we must say is “ manifestly” not Gilbert Cooper’s, though Park has printed it with his name, and Dr. Aikin was “ strangely induced to do the same,” the verses have more true feeling in them than even the beautiful Song of Burns’—beginning:—

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissfull day we twa did meet.]

COLINS' COMPLAINT.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Born 1673—Died 1718.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was ;
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died :
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue ;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great ;
I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet !

How foolish was I to believe,
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town ;
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove ;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around ?
Ah, Colin ! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground :
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array ;
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day :
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

[Rowe alludes in this ballad to the Countess Dowager of Warwick, who left him for another swain whose music was sweeter than his own, namely Addison. Dr. Johnson says that the Countess married the poetical Secretary of State on terms "much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.'" A marriage so unequal made no addition to Addison's happiness.]

MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO WONDROUS FREE.

DR. PARNELL.

Born 1679—Died 1717.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design ;
O teach a young, unprætis'd heart
To make my Nancy mine !

The very thought of elchange I hate,
As mueh as of despair ;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

"Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress ;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

WHEN THY BEAUTY APPEARS.

DR. PARNELL.

When thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky ;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in
your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do ;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will ;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove,
Oh ! whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.
How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own !
Oh ! may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

A LOVE SONG IN THE MODERN TASTE.—1733.

DEAN SWIFT.

or

ALEXANDER POPE.

Born 1667—Died 1744. Born 1688—Died 1744.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid ! o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days' consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth,
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair Discretion, string the lyre,
Sooth my ever waking numbers,
Bright Apollo ! lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto ! king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful eypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Meander
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry ehaplets erown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate ;
 See the birds of Juno stooping :
 Melody resigns to fate.

[This exquisite satire on too many songs is printed in Swift's Poetical Works, last edition by Mitford, vol. ii. p. 53, and Pope's Poetical Works, last edition by Dyce, vol. ii. p. 185, where it is entitled a "Song by a Person of Quality." Whose property is this song? the Dean's, or the nightingale of Twickenham's? In the fifth volume of Swift's Miscellanies, 1735, p. 129, it is printed in the midst of numerous pieces undoubtedly from the Dean's pen.]

SWEET ARE THE CHARMS OF HER I LOVE.

BARTON BOOTH.

Born 1681—Died 1733.

Sweet are the eharms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose ;
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun ;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues ;
Sweet Philomel in shady bowers
Of verdant Spring her note renews ;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise ;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies :
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
And marble tow'rs and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low :
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove ;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bless'd above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from heav'n together came :
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name ;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

'TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

JOHN GAY.

Born 1688—Died 1732.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd :
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou ventrous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean
And let a lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

The merehant robb'd of pleasure
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some eoast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a rieher maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How ean they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous roeks remain ?
No eyes those roeks diseover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid eaeh blast with sighing,
Eaeh billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating eorpse she 'spied ;
Then like a lily drooping
She bow'd her head and died.

MOLLY MOG,

OR THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

JOHN GAY.

Says my uncle, ' I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover ? '
' I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.'

' O nephew ! your grief is but folly,
In Town you may find better prog ;
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.'

' I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women at best are a clog ;
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

' The schoolboy's desire is a play-day,
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog ;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day,
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

' Will-a-Wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and thro' quagmire, and bog ;
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ For guincas in other men’s breeches
Your gamesters’ will palm and will cog ;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

‘ The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog ;
But my heart can never be ranging,
’Tis so fix’d upon sweet Molly Mog.

‘ Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog ;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ I feel I’m in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog,
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

‘ A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

‘ If I would not give up the three graces,
I wish I were hang’d like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log ;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas’s merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ Those who toast all the family royal,
 In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
 Have hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
 And writing another eclogue,
 Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
 He’d give up for sweet Molly Mog.

‘ When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
 Then jealousy sets me agog ;
 To be sure she’s a bit for the vicar,
 And so I shall lose Molly Mog.’

[This clever and witty ballad, though of great length, is very frequently sung ; it was written on an innkeeper’s daughter at Oakingham in Berkshire, a celebrated beauty and toast.]

YOUTH’S THE SEASON MADE FOR JOYS.

JOHN GAY.

Youth’s the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone, who that employs
 Well deserves her beauty.

Let’s be gay
 While we may,
 Beauty’s a flower despis’d in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow ;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow,
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.

[From the "Beggar's Opera."]

G O, R O S E.

JOHN GAY.

Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace ;
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied place
 With never fading love ;
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die !

Know hapless flower, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there ;
 I see thy withering head reclin'd
 With envy and despair.
 One common fate we both must prove,
 You die with envy, I with love.

[From the fable of "The Poet and the Rose," thus introduced :—

As in the cool of early day
 A poet sought the sweets of May,
 The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
 And every stalk with odour bends :

A rose, he plucked, he gaz'd, admir'd
Thus singing as the muse inspir'd :—
“ Go rose, &c.

The poet complained with truth, that :

In every love song roses bloom.]

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

JOHN GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
‘ Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
‘ Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
‘ If my sweet William sail among the crew.’

William, then high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
The cord slides quickly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain!
Let me kiss off that falling tear—
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find—
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn:
Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head:
The lessening boat unwilling rows to land—
Adieu! she cries, and waved her lily hand.

THE COMPLAINT.

The sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold.
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were pent within the fold ;
When from the silence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love !

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the bare rock, or oozy beach ;
Who from each barren weed that grows
Expects the grape, or blushing peach ;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain.
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain :
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
For I, alas ! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens hearts are bought and sold ?
They ask no vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what treasure can suffice ?
Yet India's shore shall never boast
The living lustre in thine eyes :
For these the world too cheap would prove ;
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

Then Mary ! since nor gems, nor ore,
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Consider that I offer more,
 Than glittering gems, a soul sincere :
 Let riches meaner beauties move,
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

[This very beautiful Song is printed with many variations. I have selected the most poetical for the text, instead of "then Mary" some read "O Silvia?" It has been imputed to Gay.]

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

HARRY CAREY.

Born — Died 1748.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely :
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the weck,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named :
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O ! then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey :
I wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally ;
And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ;
But when my seven long years are out,
 O ! then I'll marry Sally,
O ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

[Carey in the third Edition of his Poems published in 1729, before
“the Ballad of Sally in our Alley” has placed this note :—

The Argument.

“ A vulgar error having long prevailed among many persons, who imagine Sally Salisbury the subject of this ballad, the Author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her, he being a stranger to her very name at the time this Song was composed. For as innocence and virtue were ever the boundaries to his Muse, so in this little poem he had no other view than to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion, even in the lowest class of human life. The real occasion was this: a Shoemaker's 'Prentice making holiday with his Sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shews, the flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moor-fields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing-pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuff'd beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the Author dodg'd them (charm'd with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance; which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation,” p. 127.

This highly interesting note I have never seen added to any copy of the Song but that contained among the Author's works.]

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HARRY CAREY.

Tho' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven 'twould be!
To him but a woman you seem,
But ah! you're an angel to me:

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear waist,
Which he spans as beside him you go;
That arm, like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I must feel your disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

LOVE ECSTATIC.

HARRY CAREY.

To be gazing on those charms,
 To be folded in those arms,
 To unite my lips to those,
 Whence eternal sweetness flows.

To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be blest beyond compare !

On that bosom to recline,
 While that hand is lock'd in mine,
 In those eyes myself to view,
 Gazing still, and still on you.

To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be blest beyond compare.

[“ Honest Harry introduced this Song with a slight alteration, as a duet, in his little interlude of ‘ Nancy, or the Parting Lovers.’ It appears however from his poems to have been written long before.”
 RITSON.]

LOVE'S A RIDDLE.

HARRY CAREY.

The flame of love assuages,
 When once it is reveal'd ;
 But fiercer still it rages,
 The more it is conceal'd.

Consenting makes it colder ;
 When met it will retreat :
 Repulses make it bolder,
 And dangers make it sweet.

HARRY CAREY'S GENERAL REPLY TO THE LIBELLING
GENTRY WHO ARE ANGRY AT HIS WELFARE.

With an honest old friend, and a merry old Song,
And a flask of old Port let me sit the night long ;
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate :
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless and gay,
Let's merrily pass Life's remainder away :
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

GOOD REASON FOR LOVING.

HARRY CAREY.

Saw you the nymph whom I adore ?
Saw you the goddess of my heart ?
And can you bid me love no more,
Or can you think I feel no smart ?

So many charms around her shine,
Who can the sweet temptation fly ?
Spite of her scorn she's so divine,
That I must love her though I die.

A DITHYRAMBICK FOR TWO VOICES.

HARRY CAREY.

Cupid no more shall give me grief,
Or anxious cares oppress my soul ;
While generous Bacchus brings relief,
And drowns 'em in a flowing bowl.

Celia, thy scorn I now despise,
Thy boasted empire I disown,
This takes the brightness from thine eyes—
And makes it sparkle in my own.

THE MAID'S PETITION.

HARRY CAREY.

Cruel Creature ! can you leave me,
Can you then ungrateful prove ?
Did you court me to deceive me,
And to slight my constant love.

False ungrateful thus to woo me,
Thus to make my heart a prize,
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to scorn and tyrannize.

Shall I send to Heav'n my pray'r,
Shall I all my wrongs relate,
Shall I curse the dear betrayer ?
No alas ! it is too late.

Cupid! pity my condition,
Pierce this unrelenting swain!
Hear a tender Maid's petition,
And restore my love again.

THE GROVES, THE PLAINS.

HARRY CAREY.

The groves, the plains,
The nymphs, the swains,
The silver stream, the cooling shade,
All, all declare
How false you are,
How many hearts you have betray'd.

Ungrateful go,
Too well I know,
Your fatal, false deluding art ;
To every she,
As well as me,
You make an offering of your heart.

LOVE WITHOUT ALLAY.

HARRY CAREY.

Gazing on my idol treasure,
All my soul is lost in joy ;
She affords eternal pleasure,
And can never, never cloy.

Ev'ry motion, ev'ry feature,
Shines with some peculiar grace,
Never sure was human creature,
Blest with such an angel's face.

LOVE FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

HARRY CAREY.

I'll range around the shady bowers,
And gather all the sweetest flowers ;
I'll strip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When, in the sultry heat of day,
My thirsty nymph does pausing lay ;
I'll hasten to the river's brink,
And drain the floods but she shall drink.

At night to rest her weary head,
I'll make my love a grassy bed ;
And with green boughs, I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.

And while dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close these eyes ;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then as soon as cheerful day,
Dispels the darksome shades away ;
Forth to the forest I'll repair,
To seek provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night—
Still mixing labour with delight ;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the nymph whom thus I love,
To her fond swain should faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.

HARRY CAREY.

From the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay :
When pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown ;
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, (a rich banquet for me)
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
The river's clear brink,
Shall afford me my drink,
And temperance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at Death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

A BACCHANALIAN RANT.

HARRY CAREY.

Bacchus must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine ;
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine !
Stock'd with nothing else but wine !
Let wine its only product be,
Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care,
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states and empires swim or sink—
My whole ambition is to drink.

HOW HARDLY I CONCEALED MY TEARS ?

ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF WHARTON.

How hardly I conceal'd my tears ?
How oft did I complain ?
When, many tedious days, my fears
Told me I lov'd in vain.

But now my joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd ;
Sorrow may make a silent moan,
But joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
To every stream and tree,
And bless the hollow murmuring rocks
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy,
We want, we wish, believe ;
'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
But easy to deceive.

RIVALS, A LOVER'S PLAGUE.

WILLIAM WALSH.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst ;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst !
By partners in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow ;
In love alone we hate to find,
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast ;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest !

How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope ;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

[This song is by the Walsh so often mentioned in the correspondence of Pope.]

AMYNTA'S LIPS.

As near a fountain's cooling side,
The fair Amynta lay,
Her looks increas'd the summer's pride—
Her eyes the face of day.

The roses round blush'd deeper red—
To see themselves outdone,
Each lily droop'd its little head—
And mourn'd its beauty gone.

Unto this fountain's soft retreat—
A bee enamour'd flew—
To steal Amynta's every sweet
And rifle balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,
Her wanton lips he wooed,
O'ercome with bliss cold icy death,
The happy rogue pursued.

Ah ! little bee how blest thy fate—
Thy lot was joy divine,
E'en Kings would quit their royal state—
To meet a death like thine.

[Our old collections of songs contain many versions of the above, in some the lady is called Selinda. The Editor thinks the present copy of the song is most preferable.]

WE ALL TO BEAUTY BOW.

We all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleasing power admire ;
But I ne'er knew a face till now
That could like yours inspire :
Now I may say I met with one
Amazes all mankind ;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet,
Like the divining prophets, wise ;
Like new-blown roses, sweet ;
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy night a bride ;
A mien like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long :

Ah! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

AN EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.

Upbraid me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to excess ;
I should not want to drown despair,
Were your indifference less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
When this excuse is gone,
That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
Is fixed on her alone.

The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy ;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

TO THE BROOK.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Poor Colin went weeping and told them his pain ;
Sweet stream, he cried, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And thy waters shall mournfully run with my woe.

In sorrow and anguish my Mary now lies,
She counts the sad moments of Time as it flies ;
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers repair,
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your
care.

Let me be left restless, my eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose, gives my fair one repose,
Dear stream ! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her asleep.

Oh if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed—
And the loss of my Mary the fates have decreed :—
Believe me thou fair one—Oh Mary believe,
That I sigh for thy loss—and I live but to grieve.

Soft glide gentle brook—gentle streamlet soft glide—
While I lay me to die—on your flower painted side—
But swiftly flow on—and to Mary the fair—
The love of poor Colin that's dying, O bear !

[The copy of this song is given from two or three versions contained in different collections. In many of the songs in this volume printed without any name, there is much prettiness and much elegance, but something of affectation runs through the whole of them and much inequality. From all parts, from all odd volumes, and from different manuscripts these songs found their way into our Anthologies, it is not improbable but that several of them are the compositions of the various collectors and compilers.

One would almost imagine that Burns had seen the above song—when he wrote his beautiful lyric in honour of Mrs. General Stewart :—

“ Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes.”]

BELINDA.

Ah! bright Belinda, hither fly,
And such a light discover,
As may the absent sun supply,
And chear the drooping lover.

Arise, my day, with speed arise,
And all my sorrows banish :
Before the sun of thy bright eyes,
All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
And curse the hoarded treasure :
Why should you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleasure ?

The petty powers of hell destroy ;
To save the pride of heaven :
To you the first, if you prove coy ;
If kind, the last is given.

The choice then sure's not hard to make,
Betwixt a good and evil :
Which title had you rather take,
My goddess, or, my devil ?

'TIS NOT THE BRIGHTNESS OF THOSE EYES.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight ;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light ;
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face ;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new shorn sheep, equal and fair ;
Nor even that gentle smile the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare ;
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love ;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought :
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire ;
That grace with which you look, and speak, and
move,
That thus have set my soul on fire.

FAIR AND SOFT.

Fair, and soft, and gay, and young,
All charm ! she play'd, she dane'd, she sung,
There was no way to 'seape the dart,
No eare could guard the lover's heart.
Ah ! why ery'd I, and dropt a tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone)
Was so much sweetness made for one ?

But growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my eare :
She heard and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess !
Ah ! fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew ;
E'er I had reckon'd half her charms
She sunk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me :
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

[From the Hive, a collection of Songs, 4 vol. 8vo. 1732.]

RAIL NO MORE.

Rail no more ye learned asses,
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
Sound its depth and fill your glasses,
Wisdom at the bottom lies.
Fill them higher still and higher,
Shall our draughts perplex the brain ;
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure—
Enter jollity and joy ;
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ :
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage ;
And when death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.

A TOAST.

Let the waiter bring clean glasses,
With a fresh supply of wine ;
For I see by all your faces,
In my wishes you will join.

It is not the charms of beauty
Which I purpose to proclaim,
We a while will leave that duty,
For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing,
 Let's have one full glass at least ;
 No one here can think't imposing—
 'Tis the founder of the feast.

CARE, THOU CANKER.

DR. GRANT.

Care, thou canker of our joys,
 Now thy tyrant reign is o'er,
 Fill the mystic bowl, my boys,
 Join the bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in,
 See the hated miscreant dies :—
 Mirth and all thy train come in,
 Banish sorrow, tears and sighs.

O'er our merry midnight bowls,
 O, how happy shall we be ;
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night my boys for you and me.

A CHOIR OF BRIGHT BEAUTIES.

A choir of bright beauties
 In spring did appear,
 To chuse a May-lady
 To govern the year ;

All the nymphs were in white,
And the shepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And Phillis was queen.
But Phillis refused it,
And sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland,
While Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx
Are fled from the shore,
The graces are banish'd,
And love is no more :
The soft god of pleasure
That warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow,
And extinguish'd his fires
And vows that himself
And his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx
In triumph return.

Forbear your addresses,
And court us no more ;
For we will perform
What the deity swore :
But if you dare think
Of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheep-hooks,
And take to your arms :
Then laurels and myrtles
Your brows shall adorn,
When Pan and fair Syrinx
In triumph return.

OH! FORBEAR TO BID ME SLIGHT HER.

AARON HILL.

Born 1685—Died 1750.

Oh! forbear to bid me slight her,
 Soul and senses take her part ;
 Could my death itself delight her,
 Life should leap to leave my heart.
 Strong, though soft, a lover's chain,
 Charm'd with woe, and pleased with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
 Love would light it at her eyes ;
 Or, her tuneful voice applying,
 Through my ear my soul surprise.
 Deaf, I see the fate I shun ;
 Blind, I hear and am undone.

LOTHARIA.

AARON HILL.

Vainly now ye strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May ;
 How can empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away ?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me ;
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky ;
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.

AT SETTING DAY.

AARON HILL.

Since sounding drums, and rising war,
 Invite my love to danger,
I'll ask of every smiling star,
 To shield my roving ranger.

While o'er the field, unfearing wounds,
 You press the foe, retreating,
I'll trace the dear remember'd bounds,
 Of our more gentle meeting.

I'll pass whole days in yon sweet grove,
 Where first thy tongue deceiv'd me,
When, listening dumb, I blush'd my love,
 And no fear'd absence griev'd me.

On every bank thy side hath press'd,
 I'll sleep and dream I'm near thee ;
And each sweet bird that strains his breast,
 Shall wake my hopes to hear ye.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 And, cold, on yon bleak mountain,
Trace all thy once trod footsteps there,
 And weep o'er each sad fountain.

There will I teach the trees to wear
 Thy name, in soft impression ;
And borrow sighs from roving air,
 To swell my soul's confession.

THE CONQUEST.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

When Phœbus heard Ianthe sing,
 And sweetly bid the groves rejoice,
 Jealous, he smote the trembling string,
 Despairing quite to match her voice.

Smiling, her harpsichord she strung :
 As soon as she began to play,
 Away his harp poor Phœbus flung ;
 It was no time for him to stay.

Yet hold ; before your godship go,
 The fair shall gain another prize :
 Your voice and lyre's outdone you know ;
 No less thy sunshine by her eyes.

[Thompson is the author of "Sickness," a poem in five books, and a very beautiful "Hymn to May." He is now little read.]

DEAR COLIN PREVENT.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Born about 1690—Died 1762.

Dear Colin prevent my warm blushes,
 Since how can I speak without pain ?
 My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
 O ! can't you their meaning explain ?

My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame ;
 Then don't you expect a confession,
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me ;
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 'Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over,
 What I in my bosom confine.

[“Lady M. W. Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, states that the above poem was handed about as the supposed address of Lady Hertford to Lord William Hamilton, and that she herself wrote these verses attributed to Sir William Yonge.” Park. Colin’s answer has been printed as Sir William Yonge’s.]

COLIN’S ANSWER.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Good Madam when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool ;
 For me I would not give a shilling
 For one that can love without rule.

At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
 If you’ve lived to these years without proffers
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing,
 And not speak the matter too plain ;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing ;
 'Tis yours to affect a disdain.

That you're in a terrible taking
 From all your fond oglings I see !
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

AS O'ER ASTERIA'S FIELDS I ROVE.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

Born 1692—Died 1742.

As o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
 The blissful seat of peace and love,
 Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
 And mingle pleasure with surprise.
 By nature blessed in every part,
 Adorn'd with every grace of art,
 This paradisc of blooming joys
 Each raptur'd sense at once employs.

But when I view the radiant queen
 Who form'd this fair enchanting scene,
 Pardon, ye grots ! ye crystal floods !
 Ye breathing flowers ! ye shady woods !
 Your coolness now no more invites ;
 No more your murmuring stream delights ;
 Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown ;
 My soul's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE UPON A FRENCH SONG.

Venge moi d'une ingrate maitresse,
Dieu du Vin ! j'implore ton yvresse.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

Kind relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus ! hear my prayer,
Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair !
In thy smiling cordial bowl
Drown the sorrows of my soul :
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy.
Jolly Bacchus ! save, O save,
From the deep-devouring grave,
A poor despairing dying swain.

Haste away,

Haste away,

Lash thy tigers, do not stay ;
I'm undone if thou delay :
If I view those eyes once more,
Still shall love and still adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face !

See her move !

With what a grace !

Ye gods above !

Is she not one of your immortal race ?

Fly ye winged Cupids ! fly ;

Dart like lightning through the sky :

Would ye in marble temples dwell,
 The dear one to my arms compel ;
 Bring her in bands of myrtle tied ;
 Bid her forget, and bid her hide
 All her scorn and all her pride.
 Would ye that your slave repay
 A smoking hecatomb each day ?

O restore
 The beauteous goddess I adore !
 O restore with all her charms,
 The faithless vagrant to my arms !

THE PARTING KISS.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

Born 1703—Died 1764.

One kind kiss before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu :
 Though we sever, my fond heart
 Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet, weep not so my love,
 Let me kiss that falling tear,
 Though my body must remove,
 All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
 And every wish shall pant for you ;
 One kind kiss then ere we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu ?

[Dodsley was a well-known bookseller in Pall Mall, to which rank, encouraged by Pope, he rose from a gentleman's servant.]

FANNY FAIR.

To Fanny fair could I impart
The cause of all my woe !
That beauty which has won my heart,
She scarcely seems to know :
Unskill'd in art of womankind,
Without design she charms ;
How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
Which every bosom warms ?

She knows her power is all deceit,
The conscious blushes shows,
Those blushes to the eye more sweet
Than th' op'ning budding rose :
Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
That charms the sense so much,
Upon a thorny brier grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

At first when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was blest ;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I lost my rest ;
Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,
Prepare me for my doom ;
One cruel look from those bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.

[From the *Tea Table Miscellany*. Burns in his first letter to George Thomson, calls it 'insipid stuff and a disgrace to a collection of songs.' The Editor had great misgivings after such an opinion from such a man as Burns whether he should insert it—but as the poet says in his *Dream* :

There's mony waur been o' the race,
so he thought proper here to admit it.]

D E L I A.

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

Born 1709—Died 1773.

When Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve :
Tell me my heart if this be love ?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain ;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

M Y R A.

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

Say, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move ;
Which can be just and kind ?

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that Love molest ;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain :
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PASS'D.

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

The heavy hours are almost pass'd
That part my love and me :
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When shortly we shall meet ;
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loitering time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love ;

All I of Venus ask, is this :
 No more to let us join :
 But grant me here the flattering bliss
 To die, and think you mine.

CELIA ALTOGETHER.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

Born — Died 1785.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 And yet I swear I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common,
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
'Twas both perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Celia altogether.

[William Whitehead succeeded Colley Cibber as Poet Laureat.
His poems, and his name are now sinking into obscurity.]

S T E L L A.

DR. JOHNSON.

Born 1709—Died 1784.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill ;
Not all their charms, though all unite
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim ;
 Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize ;
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
 Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain ;
 In lovely Stella all combine,
 And, lovely Stella ! thou art mine.

FLAVIA.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Born 1714—Died 1763.

I told my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
 While faltering accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold :
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a generous tear ;
 And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How if she deigned my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

THE LANDSCAPE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Ere while I pass'd the day !
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?
Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round !
The river gliding down the dale !
The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see :
That verdant hill and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

THE LOVELY DELIA SMILES AGAIN.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

The lovely Delia smiles again !
That killing frown has left her brow :
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow ?

Love is an April's doubtful day :
Awhile we see the tempest low'r ;
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flowers that hung their languid head,
Are banish'd by the transient rains ;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, express
The joy I feel,—when thou art kind.

FAIR FIDELE.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Born 1720—Died 1756.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew,
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft, at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chace on every plain
The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

[To be sung by Guiderus and Arviragus, in Cymbeline over Fidele, whom they imagine dead. One copy of the song commences :

‘ To fair Pastora's grassy tomb,’]

ARPASIA.

MARK AKENSIDIE.

Born 1721—Died 1770.

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view;
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair ;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

[This song is attributed to Akenside on the authority of Ritson. I find it printed in Mr. Dyce's Edition of Akenside's Poems just published, to which the Editor has added a very able and interesting account of the poet's life.]

O NANCY WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

THOMAS PERCY.

Born 1728—Died 1811.

O Naney, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown ?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?

O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe ?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

[This very lovely song is the composition of Bishop Percy the well-known Editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, a man who has done more for English Literature than any other half dozen antiquaries, and one who had the finest taste and the truest feeling for poetry. This, writes Burns, is "perhaps the most beautiful ballad in the English language."]

CELIA, LET NOT PRIDE UNDO YOU.

Celia, let not pride undo you,
Love and life fly swiftly on ;
Let not Damon still pursuc you,
Still in vain, till love is gone :
See how fair the blooming rose is,
See by all how justly priz'd ;
But when it its beauty loses,
See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When those charms that youth have lent you,
Like the roses are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid !
Die a maid ! die a maid ! die a maid !
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid !

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1728—Died 1774.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy ?
What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is to die.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way :
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

MAY EVE,

or

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1729—Died 1773.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam,
 Steals softly thro' the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.

To beds of state go balmy sleep !
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen !

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love :
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green ;
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
" 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen ! "

[The life of John Cunningham, the author of this beautiful song, was one of disappointment and misery.]

DELIA.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

The gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves :
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be !
But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her eallow young :
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be ;
But not so dear (the thousandth part !)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale ;
Scaree pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale !
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee ;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair !
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair !
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see ;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

DAPHNE.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

No longer, Daphne, I admire
The graces in thine eyes ;
Continued coyness kills desire,
And famish'd passion dies.
Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail ;
With all the rigours of disdain
You scorn'd my amorous tale.

When Celia cry'd, ' How senseless she,
That has such vows refus'd ;
Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
It had been kinder us'd.
The man's a fool that pines and dies,
Because a woman's coy ;
The gentle bliss that one denies,
A thousand will enjoy.'

Such charming words, so void of art,
Surprising rapture gave ;
And though the maid subdu'd my heart,
It ceas'd to be a slave :
A wretch condemn'd, shall Daphne prove ;
While blest without restraint,
In the sweet calendar of love
My Celia stands—a saint.

A THOUGHT.

Oh let me grow unto those lips,
To them I could for ever cling—
O let me revel on those banks—
And rob the incense of their spring.

Oh let not those fair sculptur'd hands,
Press so to end this dream of bliss,
I cannot leave soft pleasure's brink—
And ne'er can take a parting kiss.

The bee that sucks the mossy rose,
May soon extract its every sweet—
But I may live a life out here—
And still increasing joys may greet.

O then my love think not to end
This link of happy pure delight,
But let me cling unto those lips,
And woo where bees themselves would light.

THE LASS OF COCKERTON.

Tune, "Low down in the broom."

'Twas on a summer's evening,
As I a roving went,
I met a maiden fresh and fair,
That was a milking sent.
Whose lovely look such sweetness spoke,
Divinely fair she shone ;
With modest face,—her dwelling place
I found was Cockerton.

With raptures fir'd, I eager gaz'd,
On this blooming country maid,
My roving eye in quickest search,
Each graceful charm survey'd.
The more I gaz'd, a new wonder rais'd,
And still I thought upon
Those lovely charms, that so alarms
In the lass of Cockerton.

Now would the gods but deign to hear
An artless lover's prayer,
This lovely nymph I'd ask,
And scorn each other care.
True happiness I'd then possess,
Her love to share alone,
No mortals know, what pleasures flow,
With the lass of Cockerton.

[From Ritson's "Bishopric Garland, or Durham Minstrel, being a choice collection of excellent Songs, relating to the above county," 1784. The various publications of Ritson's referring to particular districts were collected into one volume in 1810, by Mr. Haslewood.]

THE ROSE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Born 1731—Died 1800.

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view
To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile ;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

[The following compliment was sent by Cowper to the Count Gravina, on his translating the above song into Italian verse:—

My Rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
And steep'd not now in rain,
But in Castalian streams by you,
Will never fade again.]

LORD GREGORY.

JOHN WOLCOT.

Born 1738—Died 1819.

“ Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs,
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

“ Who comes with woe at this drear night—
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.

“ Alas ! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn,
That once was priz'd by thee :
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

“ But should'st thou not poor Marian know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.”

[This song was written by the witty Peter Pindar for George Thomson's Collection of National Airs. The ballad called "The Lass of Lochroyan," printed in the Border Minstrelsy, [New Edition, vol. 3, p. 201,] but published before that incompletely in Herd's Scottish Songs, gave Wolcot the idea. Burns' ballad in imitation of it is well known. See Cunningham's Burns, vol. 5, p. 48.]

THE GYPSY.

JOHN WOLCOT.

A wandering Gypsy, Sir, am I,
From Norwood, where we oft complain,
With many a tear, and many a sigh,
Of blustering winds, and rushing rain :
No rooms so fine, and gay attire,
Amid our humble huts appear ;
Nor beds of down, or blazing fire,
At night our shivering limbs to cheer.

Alas ! no friends come near our eot,
The red-breasts only find the way ;
Who give their all, a simple note,
At peep of dawn or parting day.
But fortunes here I come to tell,
Then yield me, gentle Sir, your hand ;
Amid those lines what thousands dwell,
And, bless me ! what a heap of land !

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

JOHN WOLCOT.

Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
Adieu the cheerful pipe and song ;
Adieu the dance at closing day,
And, ah ! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair !
How oft for Marian cull'd the bower,
And fill'd my lap with every flower !

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear ;
The crook he gave in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on every oak my name !
Blush Colin that the wounded tree
Is all that will remember me.

INVITATION TO CYNTHIA.

JOHN WOLCOT.

Come, Cynthia to thy shepherd's vale,
Though tyrant winter shade the same ;
The leafless grove has felt his gale,
And every warbler mourns his reign.

Yet what to me the howling wind?
Thy voice the Linnet's song supplies,
Or what the cloud to me who find
Eternal sunshine in thine eyes.

WHEN FIRST UPON YOUR TENDER CHEEK.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Born 1743—Died 1825.

When first upon your tender cheek
I saw the morn of beauty break
With mild and cheering beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine,
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
For beauty's boundless empire born,
And first confess'd your sway;
And ere your thoughts devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze;
And fondly bless'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore ;
These charms arise too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising god of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire ;
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
Pours on their heads the burning noon,
They sicken and expire.

WHEN FIRST I SAW THEE GRACEFUL MOVE.

When first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me ! what meant my throbbing breast ?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
If love thou art, then farewell rest !

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Though hopeless of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold despair ;
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create :
And, though you cannot love again—
In pity ! oh forbear to hate.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Born 1751—Died 1816.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you :
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong :
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

[In the Duenna.]

THOU CANST NOT BOAST OF FORTUNE'S STORE.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call,
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For with my heart I'd give thee all,
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show,
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow,
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

[Sung by Louisa in the Duenna.]

WHEN SABLE NIGHT.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deplored,
Wakes its beauty with a tear;

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts did borrow
 One hour from love and care to rest,
 Lo ! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
 My lover caught me to his breast ;
 He vow'd he came to save me
 From those who would enslave me !
 Then kneeling,
 Kisses stealing,
 Endless faith he swore :
 But soon I bid him thence,
 For had his fond pretence,
 Obtained one favour then,
 And he had press'd again,
 I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.

[In the *Duenna*. Burns in one of his letters to George Thomson calls this "a pretty English song to the air of ' Saw ye my Father.' "]

THINK NOT MY LOVE.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Think not, my love, when secret grief
 Preys on my sadden'd heart,
 Think not I wish a mean relief,
 Or would from sorrow part.
 Dearly I prize the sighs sincere,
 That my true fondness prove,
 Nor could I bear to check the tear
 That flows from hapless love.

Alas? though doom'd to hope in vain
The joys that love requite,
Yet will I cherish all its pain,
With sad but dear delight.
This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair
My lot for ever be:
But dearest, may the pangs I bear
Be never known to thee.

O HAD MY LOVE.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

O had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish:
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perish'd;
And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd.
Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it;
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it.
Then land was cried no more resign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it;
Not worse his fate, his woe to find,
The wreck must sink ere near it.

[In the Duenna.]

A BACCHANALIAN.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Born 1752—Died 1770.

What is war and all its joys?
 Useless mischief, empty noise.
 What are arms and trophies won?
 Spangles glittering in the sun.
 Rosy Bacchus give me wine,
 Happiness is only thine.

What is love without the bowl?
 'Tis a languor of the soul:
 Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
 Ivy courts me to her arms.
 Bacchus give me love and wine,
 Happiness is only thine.

LOVELY GWEN.

Turn, lovely Gwen, be good and kind,
 And listen to thy lover's prayer,
 Full well I know, there's none so blind,
 But must adore my charming fair.

Despise me not for being poor,
 I am not very rich 'tis true;
 But if thou canst my lot endure,
 I shall be rich enough in you.

[From Jones' Translations of old Welsh poetry, among which there are many happy lines and pretty thoughts.]

THE STORM.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

Died 1784.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
List, ye landsmen, all to me !
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea ;
From bounding billows, fast in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies !

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By topsail-sheets and haul-yards stand !
Down top-gallants quick be hauling ;
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !
Now it freshens, set the braces,
 Quick the topsail-sheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms ;
Round us roars the tempest louder ;
 Think what fear our minds enthrals,
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls !

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventure-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer ?

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us :
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces :
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold :
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas ! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us :
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below—
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
To the pump let every hand, boys ;
See ! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights ! boys—we're off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives ;
Come, the ean, boys ! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join ;
Where's the tempest now—who feels it ?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

[George Alexander Stevens was a well known actor towards the close of the last century, but his fame was ephemeral, for his name is now seldom or never mentioned. His songs were in such repute in his day, that various collections of them were pirated by knavish booksellers, to the great injury of the author ; few of them reach mediocrity. The following extract from a letter, will give some idea of the ingenious lecturer on heads ; it is dated from a gaol at Yarmouth, into which he had been thrown for debt :—

“ This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat ; and next, I must atone for my errors on bread and water. A wig has fed me two days—the trimming of a waistcoat as long—a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman—and a ruffle-shirt has found me in shaving. My coats I swallowed by degrees ; the sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks—the body, skirts, &c. served me for dinner two months—my silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their

terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a stomach ; but it is ill jesting with edged tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me."

'The Storm' has frequently however been printed as the composition of Falconer, the author of the *Shipwreck*. The *Naval Chronicle*, in vol. 2, p. 233, says, in support of the northern authorship.

"This beautiful and descriptive ballad has been long given with singular injustice to George Alexander Stevens; we have particular pleasure in again bringing it back to its real author, the unfortunate Falconer, by whom it was originally composed. It was astonishing that the public should so readily believe it the production of a writer, who, however qualified to celebrate the mad riot of the bacchanalian crew, was utterly unacquainted with the sublime terror of the ocean, which poor Falconer thus sung with all the sublimity and experienced observation of a seaman."]

I SAILED FROM THE DOWNS.

CHARLES DIBBDIN.

I sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smaek'd thro' the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So, adieu ! to the white cliffs of Briton,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard roek we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk ;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,—
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the fore-sail athwart, see she quivers,
As thro' the rude tempest she flies.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky :
When truly a doleful disaster
Befell three poor sailors and I :
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried *Peccavi* ;
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope and so landed on deck,
Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd never landed,
But I, and I think twenty-two.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess-way sat the wind,
For to England I came and got married,
To a lass that was comely and kind :
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born ;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

For sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

YE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Ye flowers that bloom in yonder mead,
Where flows the crystal tide,
And nibbling lambkins sportive feed,
Along the current's side,
Ye oft have seen, and smil'd to see,
My love to him, his love to me.

Witness, ye flocks, ye herds, ye fawns,
That o'er the pastures stray,
Witness ye mountains, groves, and lawns,
Each painted child of May :
The greatest bliss I e'er can prove
Is to return my shepherd's love.

PEGGY PERKINS.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Let bards elate
Of Sue and Kate,
And Moggy take their fill O
And pleas'd rehearse,
In jingling verse
The lass of Richmond Hill O.

A lass more bright
My amorous flight,
Impell'd by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly sing,
Like anything,
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some men compare
The favourite fair
To every thing in Nature?
Her eyes divine
Are suns that shine,
And so on with each feature.

Leave, leave ye fools
These hackneyed rules,
And all such subtle quirks,
Sun, moon, and stars
Are all a farce—
Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.

C R A Z Y J A N E.

M. G. LEWIS.

Born 1773—Died 1818.

Why fair maid in every feature
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terror fill thy breast?

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?

Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain ;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee ;
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane !

Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?

Mark me, and avoid my woe :
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so :
For I loved, oh ! so sincerely,
None can ever love again ;
But the youth I loved so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane !

Fondly my young heart received him,
Which was doomed to love but one ;
He sighed, he vowed, and I believed him—
He was false, and I undone !
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain,
Henry fled ; with him, for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane !

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain ;
While each passer-by, in pity,
Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane !

WILLIAM AND SUSAN.

M. G. LEWIS.

When forc'd to quit his native land,
Young William bade farewell,
As Susan fondly wrung his hand
Her tears in torrents fell ;
And soft she sigh'd, her anxious heart,
With many a fear beset,
Oh ! would we were not now to part,
Or that we ne'er had met.

Dame Fortune smil'd on William's pains,
And blest his growing store,
Now gone three years, his honest gains,
To Susan's feet he bore,
" Nor think," he said, " that William's heart,
Can e'er its vows forget.
Dismiss your fears, no more we'll part,
Since we once more have met."

Ah ! ere the honey-moon was flown,
They curs'd the marriage life,
A very husband Will was grown,
And Sue a very wife.
She said that he was false at heart,
He call'd her light coquette,
And both exclaim'd next week we'll part,
I wish we ne'er had met.

NANINE, OR THE EMIGRANT.

M. G. LEWIS.

On the waves the wind was sleeping,
Swift the boat approach'd the land;
There a lovely maid was weeping,
Who can female tears withstand?
Hush'd at once the boatswain's ditty,
Gently dipp'd his silent oar;
While he said in sounds of pity,
Prithee, sweet-heart, weep no more.

Then on land he sprung so lightly,
While with mingled hopes and fears,
Rais'd her head and beaming brightly,
Shone her blue eyes thro' her tears.
Left exposed to want and danger,
Friendless on a foreign shore;
Ah! she said, you vainly, stranger,
Kindly tell me, weep no more.

Far from home in exile roving,
Who shall now my shelter be,
Lost each friend, so loved, so loving,
Now what heart shall feel for me?
Poor Nanine, thy brain is turning,
Poor Nanine, thy heart is sore.
Poor Nanine, thy tears are burning,
Die Nanine, and weep no more.

Mark, he cried, yon distant city,
 There my shelter, thine shall be,
 Mark my bosom swell'd by pity,
 There's a heart which feels for thee ;
 All my wealth I here surrender,
 'Tis not gems or shining ore,
 'Tis a heart, warm, honest, tender,
 Take it, 'Sweet, and weep no more.

Gently tow'rs his boat he led her,
 Soon it touch'd his native strand,
 There his labour cloth'd and fed her,
 There he gain'd her heart and hand.
 Still with love his eyes behold her,
 Still tho' many a year is o'er,
 Does he bless the hour he told her,
 Prithee, sweetheart, weep no more !

EVAN BANKS.

MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Born 1763—Died 1828.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
 The sun from India's shore retires :
 To Evan banks with temp'rate ray,
 Home of my youth, he leads the day.
 Oh banks to me for ever dear !
 Oh stream, whose murmurs still I hear
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside
 Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
 Whose image lives within my breast ;
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
 And long pursued me with her eye :
 Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?
 Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
 Muse, while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
 Which sweetly winds so far below ;
 What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
 All that on Evan's border springs ;
 Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
 Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde !

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Atone for years in absence lost ?
 Return ye moments of delight,
 With richer treasures bless my sight !
 Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !
 Nor more may ought my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

[This lovely song has been printed as Burns', an honour its beauties entitle it to. It appeared first with Burns' name, in Johnson's Musical Museum, from whence it was copied by Currie and Cromeek. Sir Walter Scott pointed out the error in the first number of the Quarterly Review, and gave it to its fair author, and in 1823, Miss Williams printed it among her poems; notwithstanding this, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Motherwell, and Mr. Buchan, three men who have been labouring all their lives in Scottish song, have inserted it in the Glasgow edition of Burns' works, without a note or an allusion to Miss Williams. This is too bad !]

AH! EVAN BY THY WINDING STREAM.

MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Ah, Evan, by thy winding stream
How once I lov'd to stray,
And view the morning's reddening beam,
Or charm of closing day

To yon dear grot by Evan's side,
How oft my steps were led,
Where far beneath the waters glide,
And thick the woods are spread !

But I no more a charm can see
In Evan's lovely glades :
And drear and desolate to me
Are those enchanting shades.

While far—how far from Evan's bowers,
My wandering lover flies ;
Where dark the angry tempest lowers
And high the billows rise !

And O, where'er the wanderer goes
Is that poor mourner dear,
Who gives, while soft the Evan flows,
Each passing wave a tear !

And does he now that grotto view ?
On those steep banks still gaze ?
In fancy does he still pursue
The Evan's lovely maze ?

O come! repass the stormy wave,
 O toil for gold no more!
 Our love a dearer pleasure gave
 On Evan's peaceful shore.

Leave not my breaking heart to mourn
 The joys so long denied ;
 Ah ! soon to those green banks return
 Where Evan meets the Clyde.

LAURA.

G. TURNBULL.

Let me wander where I will.
 By shady wood, or winding rill ;
 Where the sweetest May-born flowers
 Paint the meadows, deck the bowers ;
 Where the linnet's early song
 Echoes sweet the woods among :
 Let me wander where I will,
 Laura haunts my fancy still.

If at rosy dawn I chuse
 To indulge the smiling muse ;
 If I court some cool retreat,
 To avoid the noon-tide heat ;
 If beneath the moon's pale ray,
 Thro' unfrequented wilds I stray ;
 Let me wander where I will,
 Laura haunts my fancy still.

When at night the drowsy god
Waves his sleep-compelling rod,
And to fancy's wakeful eyes
Bids celestial visions rise ;
While with boundless joy I rove
Thro' the fairy land of love :
Let me wander where I will,
Laura haunts my fancy still.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

G. TURNBULL.

Thou sweetest minstrel of the grove,
That ever tried the plaintive strain ;
Awake thy tender tale of love,
And soothe a poor forsaken swain.

For tho' the muses deign to aid,
And teach him smoothly to complain ;
Yet Delia, charming, cruel maid,
Is deaf to her forsaken swain.

All day, with fashion's gaudy sons,
In sport she wanders o'er the plain ;
Their tales approves, and still she shuns
The notes of her forsaken swain.

When evening shades obscure the sky,
And bring the solemn hours again,
Begin, sweet bird, thy melody,
And soothe a poor forsaken swain.

[Who Mr. Turnbull was I cannot tell. These two pretty Songs came recommended to Thomson's Collection, from no less a person than Robert Burns, " Possibly, as he is an old friend of mine," the poet writes, " I may be prejudiced in his favour, but I like some of his poems very much." Works by Cunningham, Vol. V. p. 156. The Editor has placed Mr. Turnbull's Songs in the English Collection, for he is ignorant of what country their anthon was a native, and his songs have none of the peculiarities of the Scottish.]

I LIK'D BUT NEVER LOV'D BEFORE.

I lik'd but never lov'd before
 I saw thy charming face ;
 Now every feature I adore,
 And dote on every grace.

She ne'er shall know the kind desire,
 Which her cold look denies,
 Unless my heart that's all on fire,
 Should sparkle through my eyes.

Then if no gentle glance return
 A silent leave to speak,
 My heart, which would for ever burn,
 Must sigh, alas ! and break.

OH ! THE MOMENT WAS SAD !

Oh ! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
 Savourna Delish Shighan Oh
 As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
 Savourna, &c.

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand—no marble was colder ;
I felt that I never again should behold her,
 Savourna, &c.

When the word of command put our men into motion,
 Savourna, &c.

I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
 Savourna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
While my bosom with grief was nigh torn asunder,
 Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
 Savourna, &c.

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
 Savourna, &c.

Peace was proclaimed ; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her ;
But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave had brought her,
 Savourna, &c.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.

“ O what shall I do now ?—’twas looking at you now ;
 Sure sure, such a pitcher I’ll ne’er meet again ;
’Twas the pride of my dearie : O Barney M’Cleary !
 You’re sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.”

I sat down beside her, and gently did ehide her
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortune will never eome single, 'tis plain ;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a piteher was whole in Coleraine.

COME, ANNA! COME, THE MORNING DAWNS.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Born 1785—Died 1806.

Come, Anna ! come, the morning dawns,
 Faint streaks of radianee tinge the skies ;
 Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
 And wathch the early lark arise ;
 While nature, clad in vesture gay,
 Hails the loved return of day.

Our floeks, that nip the seanty blade,
 Upon the noon shall seek the vale ;
 And then, seeure beneath the shade,
 We'll listen to the throstle's tale ;
 And wathch the silver elouds above,
 As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna ! eome, and bring thy lute,
That with its tones, so softly sweet,
In cadenee with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noontide heat ;
While near the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum,
We'll leave the sober tinted plains,
To these sweet heights again we'll come ;
And thou to thy soft lute shall play,
A solemn vesper to departing day.

BE HUSH'D, BE HUSH'D, YE BITTER WINDS.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds,
Ye pelting rains, a little rest ;
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
That wring with grief my aehing breast.

Oh ! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid ;
Oh ! cruel was my faithless love,
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exiled from my native home,
He should have wiped the bitter tear ;
Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
A heart-sick weary wanderer here.

My echild moans sadly in my arms,
The winds they will not let it sleep :
Ah, little knows the hapless babe
What makes its wretched mother weep !

Now lie thee still my infant dear,
I cannot bear thy sobs to see,
Harsh is thy father, little one,
And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave,
And winds were piping o'er me loud,
And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
Were nestling in thy mother's shroud.

THE ARETHUSA.

PRINCE HOARE.

Died 1834.

Come all you jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are east in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
 Huzza to the Arethusa !
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave :
 Her men are staunch,
 To their favourite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
 On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English channel to cruize about,
When four French sail in shew so stout,
 Bore down on the Arethusa:
The fam'd Belle Poole straight-a-head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
 Not a sheet or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack,
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff,
But they knew not, a handful of men how tough,
 On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho !
The Frenchmen they cried out, hallo !
 Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our admiral's lee.
No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be ;
Then I must lug you along with me,
 Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a plank would stand,
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass,
 To his favourite lass !
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa.

WILLY FOUND MALVINA MOURNING.

Willy found Malvina mourning,
Bath'd her cheeks with pearly tears,
His fond lips, the fair one's sorrow,
Kiss'd away and stay'd her fears.

Could Malvina think her Willy
Ever tender, ever true,
When her cheek should thus be drooping,
Tears and lips he'd kiss them too.

These fond arms should often press her,
To this bosom's home of love,
These fond lips should oft caress her—
Like as angels kiss above.

Could Malvina think her Willy,
Tender, constant, just and true—
When his sweet one thus should sorrow,
Tears and lips he'd kiss them too.

MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU!

Adieu ! my native land, adieu !
The vessel spreads her swelling sails ;
Perhaps I never more may view
Your fertile fields and flowery dales.
Delusive hope can charm no more ;
Far from the faithless maid I roam ;
Unfriended seek some foreign shore,
Unpity'd leave my peaceful home.

Farewell, dear village, Oh, farewell !
Soft on the gale the murmur dies ;
I hear thy solemn evening bell ;
Thy spires yet glad mine aching eyes,
Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I'd scorn to shrink at fate's decree ;
Yet think not cruel maid that e'er
I'll breathe another sigh for thee.

In vain thro' shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore ;
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light ;
I view thy beacons now no more.
Rise billows, rise ! blow hollow wind !
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear ;
Ye friendly bear me hence to find
That peace which fate denies me here.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

LORD BYRON.

Born 1788—Died 1824.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies ;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue,
The languid azure eye surpasses !

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes :
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession ;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession :
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won—
Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz ?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely ;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foes menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger ;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar,
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotions choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd Vesper;—

In each her charms the heart must move,
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

[“The girl of Cadiz” was found in the original MS. of the first Canto of Childe Harold, in place of the song “To Inez.”]

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

LORD BYRON.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent !

[From the Hebrew Melodies. "These stanzas," says the Editor of Byron's Works, vol. 10, p. 75, "were written by Lord Byron, on returning from a ball-room, where he had seen Mrs. (now Lady) Wilmot Horton, the wife of his relation the present Governor of Ceylon. On this occasion, Mrs. W. H. had appeared in mourning, with numerous spangles on her dress."]

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

LORD BYRON.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf in the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

[From the Hebrew Melodies.]

KNOW YE THE LAND ?

LORD BYRON.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom ;
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute :
 Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
 'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lover's farewell,
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which
 they tell.

[From the Bride of Abydos.]

O N P A R T I N G.

LORD BYRON.

The kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left,
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see :
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone ;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak :
Oh ! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

I SPEAK NOT, I TRACE NOT !

LORD BYRON.

I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame :
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness
cease ?
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,—
We will part,—we will fly to—unite it again !

Oh ! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt !
 Forgive me, adored one !—forsake if thou wilt ;—
 But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
 And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* mayst.

And stern to the haughty but humble to thee,
 This soul in its bitterest blackness shall be ;
 And our days seem as swift, and our moments more
 sweet,
 With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
 Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove ;
 And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—
 Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

[“Thou hast asked me for a song,” Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Moore, “and I enclose you an experiment which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting. Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *phrase*.” Letter, May 10, 1814.]

GENEVIEVE.

S T COLERIDGE.

Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve !
 In beauty’s light you glide along :
 Your eye is like the star of eve,
 And sweet your voice as seraph’s song.
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
 This heart with passions soft to glow :
 Within your soul a voice there lives !
 It bids you hear the tale of woe.

When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve !

CATHERINE ORKNEY.

CHARLES LAMB.

Canada ! boast no more the toils
Of hunters for the fury spoils ;
Your whitest ermines are but foils
To brighter Catherine Orkney.

That such a flower should ever burst
From elimes with rigorous winter curst !—
We bless you, that so kindly nurst
This flower, this Catherine Orkney.

We envy not your proud display
Of lake—wood—vast Niagara :
Your greatest pride we've borne away,
How spared you Catherine Orkney ?

That Wolfe on Heights of Abraham fell,
To your reproach no more we tell :
Canada, you repaid us well
With rearing Catherine Orkney.

O Britain, guard with tenderest care
The charge allotted to your share :
You've scaree a native maid so fair,
 So good, as Catherine Orkney.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Born 1792—Died 1822.

The fountains mingle with the river,
 And the river with the ocean ;
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
 All things, by a law divine,
In another's being mingle ;—
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another !
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdain'd to kiss its brother ;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;
What are all those kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

P. B. SHELLEY.

I rise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright ;
I rise from dreams of thee,
And a Spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber window sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark and silent stream,
The Champak odours fall
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must upon thine,
Beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail ;
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

TO ELLEN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Though time has not wreathed
 My temples with snow,
Though age hath not breathed
 A spell o'er my brow,
Yet care's wither'd fingers
 Press on me with pain ;
The fleeting pulse lingers,
 And lingers in vain.

The eyes which behold thee,
 Their brightness is flown ;
The arms which enfold thee,
 Enfeeble are grown :
And friendship hath left me,
 By fortune estranged ;
All, all is bereft me,—
 For thou, too, art changed !

Yes, dark ills have clouded
 The dawning in tears ;
Adversity shrouded
 By ripening years,
Life's path wild and dreary,
 Draws nigh to its close ;—
Heart-broken and weary
 I sigh for repose.

The world shall caress thee
When I cease to be ;
And suns rise to bless thee
Which smile not for me :
And hearts shall adore thee,
And bend at thy shrine,
But none bow before thee
So truly as mine.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade ;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

A WISH.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thateh,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the lateh,
And share my meal, a weleome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Eaeh fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-ehureh among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

A FAREWELL.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Once more, enehanting maid, adieu !
I must be gone while yet I may.
Oft shall I weep to think of you ;
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
For ever changing, yet the same,
Ah no, I dare not turn to trace,
It melts my soul, it fires my frame !

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
One little lock of those so blest,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest.

—Say, when, to kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanced with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet ?

O say—but no, it must not be ;
Adieu ! a long, a long adieu !

—Yet still, methinks, you frown on me ;
Or never could I fly from you.

TRUE LOVE.

RICHARD HOWITT.

Thou art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a blessed fairy thing ;
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of the orient crimson'd morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking,
The dewdrops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild-flowers springing
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then ;
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

SHE IS NOT FAIR ?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me :
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply ;
And yet I cease not to behold,
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are !

[This is a very pretty song, and worthy of the name of Coleridge.]

SYLVIA TO ROMANZO.

GEORGE DARLEY.

The streams that wind amid the hills,
And lost in pleasure slowly roam,
While their deep joy the valley fills,—
Ev'n these will leave their mountain-home :
So may it, love ! with others be,
But I will never wend from thee.

The leaf forsakes the parent spray,
The blossom quits the stem as fast,
The rose-enamour'd bird will stray
And leave his eglantine at last ;
So may it love ! with others be
But—I will never wend from thee.

SYLVIA TO ROMANZO.

GEORGE DARLEY.

I've pluck'd the woodbine, and lilac so pale,
And the sweetest young cowslips that grew in the dale,
The bud from the flower, and the leaf from the tree,
To bind a rich garland, young shepherd ! for thee.

O look how the rose blushes deeper with pride,
And how pretty forget-me-not peeps by its side ;
How the high-crested pink in brave plumage doth fall,
And look how the lily looks sweeter than all.

My beautiful myrtle!—I think thou dost know
 Upon whom this rich garland I mean to bestow;
 For thou seem'st with a voice full of fragrance to sigh—
 “Should I wreath that young shepherd how happy
 were I!”

Come, bend me thy brow, gentle youth! and I'll twine
 Round thy temples so pure this rich garland of mine;
 O thou look'st such a prince! from this day, from this
 hour,
 I will call thee nought else but the Lord of my Bower.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

GEORGE DARLEY.

Here's a bank with rich cowslips and cuckoo-buds
 strewn,

To exalt your bright looks, gentle Queen of the May!
 Here's a cushion of moss for your delicate shoon,
 And a woodbine to weave you a canopy gay!

Here's a garland of red-maiden-roses for you,
 Such a beautiful wreath is for beauty alone!

Here's a golden king-cup, brimming over with dew,
 To be kiss'd by a lip just as sweet as its own!

Here are bracelets of pearl from the fount in the dale,
 That the nymph of the wave on your wrists doth
 bestow;

Here's a lily-wrought scarf, your sweet blushes to veil,
 Or to lie on that bosom like snow upon snow.

Here's a myrtle enwreath'd with a jessamine band,
To express the fond twining of beauty and youth ;
Take this emblem of love in thy exquisite hand,
And do *thou* sway the evergreen sceptre of Truth !

Then around you we'll dance, and around you we'll
sing !

To soft pipe, and sweet tabor we'll foot it away !
And the hills, and the vales, and the forests shall ring
While we hail you our lovely young Queen of the
May.

THE CALL.

GEORGE DARLEY.

Awake thee, my lady-love !
Wake thee and rise !
The sun through the bower peeps
Into thine eyes !

Behold how the early lark
Springs from the corn !
Hark, hark how the flower-bird
Winds her wee horn !

The swallow's glad shriek is heard
All through the air !
The stock-dove is murmuring
Loud as she dare !

Apollo's wing'd bugleman
Cannot contain,
But peals his loud trumpet-call
Once and again !

Then wake thee, my lady-love !
Bird of my bower !
The sweetest and sleepiest
Bird at this hour.

SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

MRS. HEMANS.

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks of fleet career,
And flags and breezes free !

I miss the voice of waves—the first
That woke my childish glee :
The measur'd chime, the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea ?

Oh ! with your myrtles breath may rise,
Soft, soft, your winds may be ;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea ?

I hear the shepherds mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree—
The echoes of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea.

[“A Greek islander being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beautiful scenery, replied ‘Yes, all is fair; but the sea—where is it.’” Mrs. Hemans.]

ARE OTHER EYES.

L. E. L.

Are other eyes beguiling, Love?
Are other rose-lips smiling, Love?
Ah, heed them not; you will not find
Lips more true or eyes more kind,
Than mine, Love.

Are other white arms wreathing, Love?
Are other fond sighs breathing, Love?
Ah, heed them not; but call to mind
The arms, the sighs, you leave behind—
All thine, Love.

Then gaze not on other eyes, Love;
Breathe not other sighs, Love;
You may find many a brighter one
Than your own rose, but there are none
So true to thee, Love.

All thine own, 'mid gladness, Love ;
Fonder still, 'mid sadness, Love ;
Though chang'd from all that now thou art,
In shame and sorrow, still thy heart
Would be the world to me, Love.

TO MARY.

O Mary, I love thee with purest devotion,
No passion more holy in mortal can be,
The wind to the hill, and the wave to the ocean,
Are true, but not truer—than I am to thee.

Wherever my footsteps by fancy are taken—
I hear thee, I see thee, thine image is there,
Though far from thy bosom my love is unshaken,
I'm still the true Willy to Mary the fair.

Though round me the wild wintry waters are foaming
And Mary and Heaven are hid from my view,
My heart and my mind they are never a roaming—
I know thou art beauteous, believe thou art true.

Though wafted far from thee, think not thou'rt
forsaken—
I pray with the tempest,—send sighs with the air—
But live on believing that distance will waken—
Even higher love in me for Mary the fair.

THE FISHER'S WELCOME.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

We twa hae fish'd the Kale sae clear,
An' streams o' mossy Reed,
We've tried the Wansbeck an' the Wear,
The Teviot an' the Tweed ;
An' we will try them ance again
When summer suns are fine,
An' we'll throw the flie thegither yet
For the days o' lang syne.

'Tis mony years sin' first we met
On Coquet's bonny braes,
An' mony a brither fisher's gane,
An' clad in his last claes ;
An' we maun follow wi' the lave,
Grim Death he heucks us a',
But we'll hae anither fishing bout
Afore we're ta'en awa'.

For we are hale an' hearty baith,
Tho' frosty are our pows,
We still can guide our fishing graith,
An' climb the dykes and knowes ;
We'll mount our creels an' grip our gads,
An' throw a sweeping line ;
An' we'll hae a splash among the lads,
For the days o' lang syne.

Tho' Cheviot's top be frosty still,
He's green below the knee,
Sae don your plaid an' tak your gad,
An' gang awa' wi' me.
Come busk your flies, my auld compeer,
We're fidgin' a' fu' fain,
We've fish'd the Coquet mony a year,
An' we'll fish her owre again.

An' hameward when we toddle back,
An' night begins to fa',
When ilka chiel maun tell his crack,
We'll crack aboon them a' :—
When jugs are toom'd an' coggins wet,
I'll lay my loof in thine,
We've shown we're gude at water yet,
An' we're little warse at wine.

We'll crack how mony a creel we've fill'd,
How mony a line we've flung,
How mony a ged an' sawmon kill'd
In days when we were young.
We'll gar the callants a' look blue,
An' sing anither tune :
They're bleezing aye o' what they'll do—
We'll tell them what we've dune.

[From a Fisher's Garland, published in Newcastle, about ten or eleven years back.]

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

SAMUEL LOVER.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, ' Dermot, darling ! Oh, come back
to me !

Her beads while she number'd
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.
' Oh, bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

' And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see ;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, ' I knew that the angels were whispering with
thee.'

THE RING AND THE WINDING SHEET.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Why sought you not the silent bow'r,
The bow'r nor hawthorn tree,
Why came you not at evening hour,
Why came you not to me?
Say, does that heart beat colder now—
Oh! tell me, truly tell—
Than when you kiss'd my burning brow,
When last you said ' farewell ?'

As late my taper I illumed,
To sigh and watch for thee,
It soon the mystic form assum'd
Which lovers smile to see;
But fondly while I gaz'd upon
And trimm'd the flame with care,
The pledge of plighted love was gone—
The sign of death was there !

Oh, say, was this foreboding truth,
And wilt thou break thy vow,
And wilt thou blight my opening youth?
And must I—must I now
Meet death's embrace for that chaste kiss,
That holy kiss you vow'd?
And must I for my bridal dress
Be mantled in the shroud?

A SERENADE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Awake!—the starry midnight hour
Hangs charm'd, and pauseth in its flight :
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
And the doves lie hushed in delight !
Awake ! awake !
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—soft dews will soon arise
From daisied mead, and thorny brake ;
Then, sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break !
Awake ! awake !
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake.

Awake !—within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee :
Ah, come, and shew the starry hour
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me !
Awake ! awake !
Shew all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—ne'er heed, though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice :
Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
And bid the world, and me, rejoice !
Awake ! awake !
She comes,—at last, for Love's sweet sake !

INDIAN LOVE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Tell me not that thou dost love me,
Though it thrill me with delight :
Thou art, like the stars, above me ;
I—the lowly earth at night.

Hast thou (*thou* from kings descended)
Loved the Indian cottage-born ;
And shall she, whom Love befriended,
Darken all thy hopeful morn ?

Go,—and for thy father's glory,
Wed the blood that's pure and free :
'Tis enough to gild my story,
That I *once* was loved by thee !

MARIAN.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Spirit of the summer breeze !
Wherefore sleep'st thou in the trees ?
Come, and kiss the maiden rose,
That on Marian's bosom blows !

Come and fawn about her hair !
Kiss the fringes of her eyes !
Ask her why she looks so fair,
When she heedeth not my sighs ?

Tell her, murmuring summer air,
That her beauty's all untrue ;
Tell her, she should not seem fair
Unless she be gentle too !

IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA ?

BARRY CORNWALL.

Is my lover on the sea,
Sailing east or sailing west ?
Nightly ocean, gentle be,
Roek him into rest !

Let no angry wind arise,
Nor a wave with whitened crest :
All be gentle as his eyes
When he is earessed !

Bear him (as the breeze above
Bears the bird unto its nest,)
Here,—unto his home of love,
And there bid him rest !

A DRINKING SONG.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Drink, and fill the night with mirth !
Let us have a mighty measure,
Till we quite forget the earth,
And soar into the world of pleasure.
Drink, and let a health go round,
('Tis the drinker's noble duty,)
To the eyes that shine and wound,
To the mouths that bud in beauty !

Here's to Helen ! why, ah ! why
Doth she fly from my pursuing ?
Here's to Marian, cold and shy !
May she warm before thy wooing !
Here's to Janet ! I've been e'er,
Boy and man, her staunch defender,
Always sworn that she was fair,
Always *known* that she was tender !

Fill the deep-mouthed glasses high
Let them with the champaign tremble,
Like the loose wrack in the sky,
When the four wild winds assemble !
Here's to all the love on earth,
(Love, the young man's, wise man's treasure !)
Drink, and fill your throats with mirth !
Drink, and drown the world in pleasure !

THE RECALL.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Come again ! come again !
Sunshine cometh after rain.
As a lamp fed newly burneth,
Pleasure, who doth fly, returneth,
Scattering every cloud of pain.
As the year, which dies in showers,
Riseth in a world of flowers,
Call'd by many a vernal strain,
Come *thou*,—for whom tears were falling,
And a thousand tongues are calling !
Come again, O come again,
Like the sunshine after rain.

DRINKING SONG.

Pour around the sparkling wine,
Quaff the bowl of juicy grape,
Give the fair ones face divine
Beauty, majesty, and shape.

Wine it is the milk of Venus,
Honour then the queen of love—
Beauty in your bosom screen us,
While your coral teat we prove.

Who but loves a rosy lip,
Moisten'd with the morning dew—
Such a lip where bees would sip—
Were they blest like those that do.

Who but loves a boundless sea—
Where the honey'd milk is rife,
In the fair will find agree,
All the nectar'd sweets of life.

Drain—ah then the sparkling bowl,
To the fair one whom you love,
Knit with her in heart and soul,
Joy shall round your circle move !

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

See page 6.

The copy here given of Marlowe's Song, is printed from England's Helicon, 1600; the letters W. E. P. & R., specify the variations as printed by Isaak Walton, George Ellis, Bishop Percy, and Ritson.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves,* hills and fields,
Woods, or steepie mountaines yields.

And† we will sit vpon the rockes,
Seeing‡ the shepheards feede their flockes§
By shallow riuers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings || madrigalls.

* That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.—ELLIS and PERCY.
That vallies, groves or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.—RITSON.
That valleys, groves, or hills or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield.—WALTON.

† There, E. & P. Where, Walton. ‡ And see, E. & P. & W.
§ Our, W. || Sing, R. E. & P.

And I will* make thee beds of roses,
 And† a thousand fragrant poesies,
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle
 Imbroydered all with leaves of mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
 Faire lined slippers‡ for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and iuie buds,
 With corall clasps and amber studs.
 And if these pleasures may thee moue,
 Come§ live with me and be my loue.||

The Shepheard swaines shall dance and sing
 For thy delights¶ each May-morning ;
 If these delights thy mind may moue,
 Then liue with me and be my loue.

FINIS.

CHR. MARLOW.

* There will I, E. & P. † With, E. & P. Walton has, and
 "there" a thousand. ‡ Slippers lined choicely, E. & P. & W.

§ Then, E. & P. || Here Isaak Walton adds this stanza :—

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
 As precious as the Gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be,
 Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

¶ Delight, R. E. P. & W.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

FROM "ENGLAND'S HELICON," 1600.

If all* the world and loue were young,
 And truth in every Shepheards tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me moue
 To live with thee and be thy loue.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold†
 The riuers rage and rockes grow cold,
 And Philomell‡ becometh dombe
 The rest§ complaines of cares to come.

The flowers doe fade and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yelds
 A hony tongue a heart of gall,
 Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy posies,
 Soone break, soone wither, soone forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and iuie buds,
 Thy corall clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no meanes can moue
 To come to thee, and be thy loue. ||

* If that, P. † But time drives flocks from field to fold, W. & P.

‡ Then, W. § And age, W. And all complain, P.

¶ Here Isaak Walton adds this verse:—

What should we talk of dainties then,
 Of better meat than's fit for men?
 These are but vain: that's only good
 Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joyes no date, had* age no mede,
 Then those delights my mind might moue,
 To live with thee and be thy loue.

FINIS.

IGNOTO.

See p. 70.

The idea of Herrick's beautiful Song "To the Virgins to make much of Time," the Editor has stated is taken from Spenser. Since then he has found that the hint may have been just as likely taken from the following passage in Tasso's *Jerusalem*, thus translated by Fairfax.

The joyous birds, hid under green-wood shade,
 Sung merry notes on every branch and bough,
 The wind, that iu the leaves and waters play'd,
 With murmurs sweet now sung, and whistled now :
 Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,
 And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low ;
 Thus, were it hap or cunning, chance or art,
 The wind in this strange musie bore it's part.

' A wondrous bird with party coloured plumes,' sung this love lay :

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
 That first seant peeping forth with virgin beams,
 Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
 In it's fair leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems,

* Nor. W.

And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes;

Nor seems the same, that decked bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late, and paramour.

So, in the passing of a day, doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flourish more; but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan:
Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast;
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou mayst
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heavenly tunes renew, &c.

B. xvi. verses 12 to 16.

Spenser is well known to have translated and transferred into his Faerie Queene many of Tasso's most beautiful passages; the following lines from the Bower of Bliss, Fairfax had before him when he rendered the quotation just given:—

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweete;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the basc murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Here, where this delightful music was heard, the 'fair witch Aerasia,' was solacing herself with a new lover,—she engaged in "wanton joys,"—

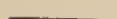
The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay
 ' Ah ! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of thy day !
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
 Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
 That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may !
 Lo ! see soone after how more bold and free
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;
 Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life, the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
 Of many a lady, and many a paramoure !
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre :
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

He ceast ; and then gan all the quire of birdes
 Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay, &c. &c.

Faerie Queene, B. 2, Can. xii. ver. 71 to 76.

Spensers Faerie Queene was printed only a few years previous to the Tasso of Fairfax.



LOVE.

BEN JONSON.

Though I am young and cannot tell
Either what Death, or Love, is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts :
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold ;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch and mean one thing,

As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up, or fall ;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By flash of lightning, or a wave ;
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand,
Except Love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

[Sung by Karolin in the Sad Shepherd.]

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

BEN JONSON.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherin my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamour'd, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that sooth her :
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself thro' her face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it ?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it ?

Have you felt the wool of the bever ?
 Or swan's down ever ?
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar ?
 Or the nard in the fire ?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
 O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

BEGGING ANOTHER KISS.

BEN JONSON.

For love's sake, kiss me once again,
 I long,—and should not beg in vain,
 Here's none to spy, or see ;
 Why do you doubt or stay ?
 I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
 That doth but touch his flower and flies away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone,
 Can he that loves ask less than one ?
 Nay, you may err in this,
 And all your bounty wrong :
 This could be called but half a kiss ;
 What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last, and tell
 Where, how, it would have relished well ;
 Join lip to lip, and try,
 Each suck the others breath,
 And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
 Let who will think us dead, or wish our death

[From the Celebration of Charis.]

GO, TELL AMYNTA.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Go, tell Amynta, gentle swain,
would not die, nor dare complain ;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy voice will more prevail than mine ;
For souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh, or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her, my pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past redress ;
For ah ! the wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

ADDRESS TO BRITAIN.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian grove.

Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
 Care and envy will remove,
 Jealousy that poisons passion,
 And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
 Sighs that blow the fire of love,
 Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful every nymph shall prove ;
 And as these excel in beauty,
 Those shall be renowned for love.

LOVE IN WORD AND ACTION.

APIRA BEHN.

'Tis not your saying that you love,
 Can ease me of my smart :
 Your actions must your words approve
 Or else you break my heart.

In vain you bid my passion cease,
 And ease my troubled breast,
 Your love alone must give me peace,
 Restore my wonted rest.

But if I fail your heart to move,
 And 'tis not yours to give,
 I cannot, will not cease to love,
 But I will cease to live.

PHILLIS.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep

Not one poor lamb was made a prey ;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,

Her silly heart did go astray,
Then flying to the neighbouring grove,
She left the tender flock to rove,
And to the winds did breathe her love.

She sought in vain
To ease her pain ;
The heedless winds did fan her fire ;

Venting her grief,
Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire,
Then sitting with her arms across,

Her sorrows streaming from each eye ;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die.

[In the Comedy of "Love in a Tub."]

TO A LADY READING SHERLOCK UPON DEATH.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving,
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know,
Too soon without a master ;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless be blest,
With mutual inclination ;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest, I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

LOUISA'S LIP.

DAVID GARRICK.

For me my fair a wreath has wove
Where rival flowers in union meet,
As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetncss to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of Spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

[This is imitated we are told from a Spanish Madrigal. Garrick wrote many songs, but they have little merit to recommend them.]

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